

## Chionophobia

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28322871) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28322871>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs/Sapnap</a> , <a href="#">Dnf - Relationship</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Slow Burn</a> , <a href="#">Pining</a> , <a href="#">Mutual Pining</a> , <a href="#">Cold Weather</a> , <a href="#">Snow</a> , <a href="#">Blizzards &amp; Snowstorms</a> , <a href="#">POV Alternating</a> , <a href="#">Confessions</a> , <a href="#">secret fear</a> , <a href="#">george has chionophobia</a> , <a href="#">Other Additional Tags to Be Added</a> , <a href="#">there are four of us working on this</a> , <a href="#">Internalized Fear</a> , <a href="#">Internal Conflict</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-25 Completed: 2021-01-14 Chapters: 19/19 Words: 36349

## Chionophobia

by [NotWarriors](#), [spleenHQ](#)

### Summary

Dream, Sapnap, and George finally make plans together as the travel ban between them is lifted. Everything is wonderful, and most things go to plan. Except, of course, Dream and George both beginning to realize some strange feelings about each other. Not to mention the fact that they get snowed in.

And George's fear of the snow.

It's beginning to look like it'll be a long few weeks together.

### Notes

hi! welcome, my friends, to Chionophobia. it's a bit of a short first chapter, and a little rough, but i promise the next few will be a lot better.

-v

# Chapter 1

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Bye!”

Dream watches George wave his hands wildly at his stream, then watches as the stream goes offline, and George disappears from the screen on his second monitor. He hears Sapnap chuckle and his chair lean back as the trio relish the momentary post-stream silence. As per usual, Sapnap is the one to shatter the comfortable stillness.

“I popped *off* today!”

“No you didn’t, Sapnap. I killed you like 15 separate times at *least!* You absolute-” Dream starts, and is abruptly cut off by George’s overly excited voice. The sound shocks him, as the oldest of the three had sounded exhausted mere minutes ago.

“*Sapnap!* We need to tell him. C’mon!” Dream sits up in his chair just a little straighter, pushing the sleeves of his lime green hoodie up to his elbows. He raises an eyebrow, though the other two can’t see. He waits for what Sapnap and George plan to “reveal” to him.

“Oh shit, Gogy, you’re right. *Claaay~!*” Sapnap sing-songs, a giggle present in his voice. “That travel ban was lifted! Are you ready for the first ever official Dream Team meetup?”

The breath catches in Dream's throat and he almost forgets to speak. He coughs, stuttering a response to the best of his ability. “Wh-what?! How-when? You’re joking- *when?* ”

George laughs so hard Dream is convinced the other boy has choked to death and died. “Dream! Are you ready to see Sapnap and I in a matter of weeks?”

He absolutely is. The three spend the next while discussing plans- a place to meet, if they'll stream, how they'll handle setup, how they'll announce, if Dream will face reveal, expenses. The conversation lasts into the late hours of the night for Sapnap and Dream, and early into the morning for George. Dream has multiple tabs open on each of his 3 monitors, and a rough draft of a Twitter announcement in front of him.

"It's going to be so *cold* ." Sapnap states, after a particularly aggressive yawn. "Don't forget to pack according to that, fellas." Dream nods, forgetting for a moment he's in a VC. "Yeah."

They picked the most random place possible- Sapnap's idea. Dream had wanted somewhere with snow, George hadn't really minded on locations, and Sapnap just wanted to be spontaneous.

It was a 3 bedroom lodge in Colorado, tucked somewhere in the mountains with surprisingly good internet. The place had promised strong Wi-Fi and heating, and was right next to some sort of ski resort. George had really been the only one of the three to ever see snow, so it'd definitely be an experience.

Dream could barely keep his mind in check. For as much as he usually hated flying, he couldn't wait to get on the plane to meet up with Sapnap and George. He was really meeting them. He'd known Sapnap for most of his life, and George nearly as long. He could barely believe it. It was everything he, well- *dreamed* of.

George's own yawn penetrated Dream's thoughts like a dagger. He snapped back into focus as he listened to the rustling from George's end of the mic. "It's really late," George's voice spoke up, "I'm glad we got this all planned. I'm gonna go to bed, okay?"

Dream and Sapnap wished the eldest goodnight, then both bid each other goodnight as well, hanging up shortly after.

Dream stood up from his desk after saving and shutting everything down. He stretched, bones cracking, and yawned heavily as he tread across the carpeted floors to the bathroom.

Patches bumped into his leg annoyingly, and he quickly realized she needed fed. "So sorry, kitty," he smiled, picking her up, "I didn't mean to ignore you. I'm so evil."

Now heading the kitchen, Dream made sure her bowl was filled and chuckled lightly as she happily ate. He made his way back to the bathroom, running the sink as he brushed his teeth. He

paused for a moment before leaving, studying himself in the mirror.

*George has no clue what I look like, he realizes. I'll sort that out tomorrow.*

Re-entering his bedroom, Dream shuts off his light after grabbing his phone off his desk. He flops heavily into bed, stretching, then slides under his covers. He sighs, and checks his phone for any notifications before calling it a night.

One Discord notification stands out against too many from Twitter and other places, a DM from George.

*Dream, it reads, actually go to bed tonight. There's still a lot to plan.*

Dream rolls his eyes, a small smile still finding its way to his face before he answers. *Okay mom. You got it.*

Before George can answer with a message of protest, Dream turns his phone off and leaves it on his nightstand, rolling over to shut his eyes.

He sure does have a long day tomorrow.

## Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed ! <3 i have no clue when i'll actually post the next chapter, but for now, this is what we've got!

there's ~3~ other people behind the scenes of this and i owe all of them big thanks! without them this really wouldn't be possible (and i wouldn't have a title)

merry christmas!

## Chapter 2

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

### Chapter Summary

Dream makes a call.

### Chapter Notes

i didn't expect the love this got! i'm glad everyone's enjoying- i'm working on thinking up some sort of update schedule but i'm sure they'll come out pretty frequently while i'm on christmas break.

enjoy the chapter! -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream wakes up the next morning having entirely forgotten about every single plan he, George, and Sapnap had made the night before. He picks up his phone, it buzzes in his hands and he blinks slowly, yawning as he unlocks it. The bright white light of his phone screen causes him to squint as he navigates to the Discord app, opening it.

He sits up. “Fuck,” he breathes, “I bought plane tickets last night.” He quickly scrambles out of bed, phone in hand, and nearly falls on his ass as he stumbles into his kitchen. He checks the time-early, so he hadn’t gotten much sleep- and grabs the landline off of its receiver. He messes up three times before it finally starts ringing, and he brings it to his ear.

“Mom?” He speaks, voice still groggy and rough.

“Clay? What’s up kiddo, everything okay?” She sounds surprised, and he hears his sister in the background of the call. He smiles fondly.

“Yeah, I’m okay. I’m... going on a trip in about a week and a half. I was wondering if maybe you’d watch Patches while I’m away? I can drop her off the day I leave before I head to the airport. I don’t think you’ll have her for too long, but-”

“Of course. Don’t worry about it, I got you. Where are you going, if I’m allowed to ask?” His mom interrupts his worrying, a smile present in her voice. “Something with Nick? Or a YouTube thing?”

Dream chuckles softly. “A thing with Nick. And George too, finally. We’re going to Colorado, we figured it’d be a nice change of pace. Sap really wanted to go somewhere random, to be spontaneous, and I just wanted to see snow-”

“On a plane? You’ll be flying, Clay?” His mother sounds vaguely worried. “Do you have any medicine or something to calm stress? You know how you get on planes, and I worry. I don’t want you to be super panicked while going to meet your friends. I’m glad you’ll be meeting George, though. Tell him my offer still stands. He’s welcome to dinner any time.”

“I know. I don’t do well on planes, but I’m pretty positive I’ll do just fine this time. I’ll probably just take something and sleep through most of it. We’ve been planning this for so long- I’m not going to let a little bit of plane anxiety stop me. When have I ever been known to give up?” He smiles softly, then chuckles. “Are you sure you want another dinner guest? Remember what happened when we invited Sapnap? I’m pretty sure Patches is still scared of him.” He laughs, and his mother does as well.

“Okay, Clay. Listen, you just drop her off before you head to the airport and we’ll watch her for however long you’ll be gone. Speaking of that, how long do you plan to be away?”

Dream bites his lip. “Two weeks, I think. That sounds about right.” On the counter, his phone is buzzing like mad, and he can only assume it’s Sapnap blowing him up so much. “Listen, I gotta go, but I’ll text you details, yeah?”

“Of course. I love you!” She smiles, and once Dream responds with an “I love you, mom,” of his own, she hangs up.

Grabbing his phone, Dream frowns. It was, in fact, Sapnap, but it was George too. Their Discord group chat, and he felt bad for ignoring it. Though he *was* speaking to his mother. He’d been mentioned several times, and there was lots of his name in all caps as he looked at the notifications. He could see that both George and Sapnap were already in a VC, and he wondered how long he’d been on the phone with his mother. It hadn’t felt like that long, but-

His phone began buzzing in his hands once again. Dream snapped back into focus, seeing that it was a Discord call from George. He answers quickly.

“Hello?–”

“DREAM! Get in the VC, what the hell have you been doing? Did you just wake up or what? Come *on!*” George says, sounding a bit aggressive but chuckling at the end.

“I was on the phone with my *mom* you asswipe. I had to talk to her about some stuff regarding the trip and Patches.” Dream rolls his eyes as he speaks, though he figures he could be saying this in the call with Sapnap as well. It feels different with George, in a way.

“Oh, shit, okay. Sorry,” George sounds sheepish. “We didn’t know, um, is everything okay? Did you tell her you would be flying?”

“Yeah, everything’s alright.” Dream leans against the counter, ankles crossed. “And I told her, yeah. She’s all worried I’m going to freak out on the plane. I don’t think I will, but in case of anything I’ll take something before I get on. To try and sleep through it, for the most part. Besides, I’m not going to just not come because of stupid plane anxiety. And it’s only a 4 hour flight. It won’t be too bad.” He smiles softly, tilting his head back for a moment. “Why? You worried about me, Georgie?”

“No! Dream, shut up! God, forget I asked, just- get in the VC. Sapnap is going to start listening to SAD! if we take too long. You know how clingy he is.” Before Dream can even say something dumb in response, George leaves the VC and hangs up on him. He laughs, then heads back to his room after quickly feeding Patches. He turns on his computer, three monitors full of tabs opening before him. He navigates to Discord, loading it up, and drumming his fingers on the desk as it loads. He clicks on the VC as he slips his headset on, leaning slightly back in his chair and crossing his legs.

“Hi.” He states as he joins, as is met with Sapnap shouting at him.

In the time they spend together, they finish up planning, and Dream prints off his tickets. He’s got a week to prepare, then he’s on the plane to Colorado. To meet his best friends. Finally. The trio decide who’ll be sending the announcement tweet- decking on Dream, and he screen shares as they plan out the tweet. 15 minutes later, a thread is posted and Twitter is losing their collective minds.

*Hi! Happy to announce that in a week, Sapnap, George and I will be meeting up :) I know a lot of you won’t trust this after the vlog, but I promise that we’re actually going to be meeting up this time.*

*We love you guys! Really excited for this. We'll post details once we're there if we plan on having any sort of meetup, but I'm not sure we're ready for that yet. I think we want to take this one slow and just be happy to meet up with each other.*

*Thank you all so much for the support. I love you!*

*(PS- Friends don't lie.)*

George had come up with the last part, and Dream and Sapnap had almost decided against it. It was too funny to leave out, and they watched as their timelines delved into shambles, fans absolutely freaking out over the news. Dream could hear George's laughter, then Sapnap's as well.

"Dream, you realize how much Dreamnotfound is going to come out of this?" Sapnap cackles, his chair squeaking.

"WHAT?!" Dream shouts, though he's laughing as well. "I figured there wouldn't be as much if we're with you! There's literally three of us. I don't get how they can be so shippy when it's not even me and George alone!"

"Most of them are shipping all three of us together, Sapnap. It's Dreamnotnap." George adds, through fits of giggles.

"How come Dream's like the whole name? They could've done, like, Sapnapnottaken." Sapnap proposes, and Dream can hear him crossing his arms

"That's just your whole name! What about me?! I only get not. It could be Georgesapdream-" George attempts.

"You guys are *so* dumb," Dream interjects. "Dreamnotnap just sounds the best. And I'm the best." He grins as the call delves into chaos. Not much later, the three decide to leave the call to go eat and pack, and prepare fully for their trip. George suggests another stream later, just a chill one, to talk about things regarding the trip and interacting with their audience a bit more. They agree, and the call ends. Dream pushes away from his desk, leaning back in his chair to drag his hands down his face, a soft sigh escaping his lips. He stands after a moment like that, heading to his closet to search for his suitcase. He rummages for a moment, then finds it, tossing it onto his bed. He opens his dressers, leaving his closet door open, and stares at his clothes. He lives in *Florida*. The best he's got for cold weather is a couple hoodies, and those are just his and his friends' merch.

What the fuck.



He's going to have to go shopping or something, because he can't just show up on the Colorado snow wearing jeans and his own merch. He picks up his phone, and texts Sapnap.

**Dream**

*Dude*

*What the fuck are you going to wear*

**Sapnap**

*Dude I'm standing here looking at my clothes and my suitcase*

*And all I can think is, holy shit, I literally have nothing for cold weather. What the hell?*

**Dream**

*We live in the hottest states*

*Why are you an idiot*

**Sapnap**

*IT SOUNDED FUN.*

Dream turns off his phone and tosses it back onto his bed, running his hands down his face. He lets out a groan, before picking out a few hoodies and folding them into the suitcase. He shoves t-shirts and his singular long sleeved shirt in as well, then packs in multiple pairs of sweats and jeans. He finishes it off with too many socks and probably just as many boxers, but hey, you can never be too safe. He zips it shut and leaves it leaning against his dresser, and decides he'll wait to pack any sort of toiletries.

He's exhausted by the time he finishes, and flops into his bed. He sighs, picking his phone up again, and notices about an hour has passed. It's still somewhat early in the day, so he's got plenty of time to kill before George's stream, he figures. Time enough for a nap.

little bit of a longer chapter today! :) the first really wasn't my best work, but i'm proud of how this is turning out!

i do have a twitter, @fruitpirates, do with that what you will :]

have a lovely day! <3

## Chapter 3

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

### Chapter Summary

George realizes the issue behind going somewhere with a lot of snow.

### Chapter Notes

the amount of love this is getting is absolutely INSANE! myself and my co-writer/editors are in complete shock. thank you all so much for the support :) we're working on making sure daily uploads can be a thing, but we'll let you know if there's any changes! :)

enjoy the chapter <3 -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George has never been that much of a nervous person. He's had no reason to be. But for some reason, when he thinks about meeting Dream and Sapnap, he gets nervous. A twinge of anxiety lies in his stomach, and he wonders if it's not the idea of meeting them, but where they'll be.

It's irrational, and he knows it is. He hates the idea of being afraid of something as petty as *snow*, but he can't help it. George refuses to tell the other two about his dumb fear, and he knows it's not a big deal. Or at least, he hopes it's not a big deal.

The last time it'd snowed, George had refused to leave the house. He'd stayed holed up in his room, spending most of his time with the curtains shut and on a call with Sapnap or Dream. He'd just played it off as having nothing better to do, but he felt utterly horrified by the idea of stepping foot outdoors and into the snow.

He couldn't remember *why* he hated the snow so much, but he didn't question it. Questioning things just led to finding answers you don't want, and this was one George didn't want.

So how did he expect to get through two weeks surrounded by snow with his two hyperactive best friends? Sapnap had never seen snow, and Dream only had once at a very young age. There was no doubt he'd be dragged outside into the snow, into the cold, and into unwanted weather that he

didn't feel like experiencing. He could always make the attempt to avoid it, to just say he didn't feel like going outside but...

This was their first meetup. He wasn't going to flake on Dream like that. Not Sapnap, either, though he wondered why his first concern was Dream. He brushed over that fact, sitting on his bed. George stared down at the empty suitcase on the floor, and ran a distressed hand through his hair.

"What am I going to do?"

\* \* \*

The answer was pack, it seemed. A lot of packing. George packed until he thought his brain was going to explode with how bored he was, and even then he packed a little more. He let out an angry sigh, sitting down on his bed once more, except the suitcase he stared down at was now full and closed. He nodded to himself, happy with how prepared he already was. George wasn't one to procrastinate, unless procrastinating sleep counted.

He stood back up, heading to his desk to boot everything up, adjusting his hoodie and fixing his hair before slipping the headset on. Everything seemed to take too long as he fidgeted, trying to push away the thoughts of having to step foot into the snow. He opened Discord, joining an empty VC in the SMP's server. He loaded up Minecraft on his main monitor, then looked back at the VC. He navigated to his DMS with Sapnap in Dream, spamming "*JOIN VC*" maybe a few too many times before chuckling and starting his stream.

"Hello!" He smiled, waving his hands slightly, and jumping a little at the sound of someone joining the VC.

"GEORGE WHY'D YOU HAVE TO SPAM THE-"

"I'm streaming, Sapnap!" George cut him off quickly, delving into fits of giggles, covering his mouth with a sleeved hand. He could hear Sapnap's embarrassed pause, before the younger boy started speaking again, much softer this time.

"Hello, George's stream. It's a pleasure to be here today." Sapnap's voice held a slightly sassy tone as he spoke, and George rolled his eyes playfully as he glanced at chat.

Dream's name begins to flood the chat, and George laughs. "Dream's supposed to be joining, I don't know where he's at. Has he messaged you at all, Sapnap?"

Sapnap replies with a quick, "Nope," as he and George both log onto the SMP. They fool around for a solid twenty minutes, before Sapnap asks an actual question.

"Dude, did you pack yet? I don't even know what to pack." He says, swinging his axe at George in-game, which is blocked by the older boy's shield.

"Yeah," George smiles, "I'm fully packed, minus a few things. I could leave today."

Sapnap whines in response. "I haven't even started packing. There's probably a jacket in my suitcase, and that's it. How the fu- frick are you already done packing, Gogy?"

"Because I'm better than you," George states, and there's a noise of someone joining the call.

"DREAM!" Sapnap screams, the sound of his hands hitting his desk echoing through the call. "What took you so long?! We've been waiting for you!"

Dream laughs, and George can hear the exhausted undertones in it. "I was sleeping, sorry. I took a nap." Dream's voice is deeper, and he sounds sleepy, stumbling over his words a little. "I got tired after packing and didn't feel like staying up and being productive. I either slept too long or underestimated how little time I had before George started stream."

George laughed, shaking his head. He gave a pointed look towards his camera, something that shouted, '*What a lazy idiot.*' "Yeah, yeah. Did you just wake up? Like, did you wake up and just immediately join?"

"Yeah, why?" Dream says, and his username pops up on the bottom of George's screen, stating that he's joined the game.

"Because you sound like a NIMROD!" Sapnap's character from the corner of his screen is seen raining down axe crits on Dream, who takes a moment before actually beginning to run.

“Sapnap! Cut it out, I’m *tired* !” Dream whines, and George laughs at him. A full laugh, straight from his chest, and he nearly doubles over in his chair before regaining composure, remembering he’s streaming.

“Sapnap, cut it out. Dream, have you begun packing yet? Sapnap hasn’t even started.” George grins, moving his character on screen to stand near Dream’s, who is frantically eating gapples. He punches at the character with an empty fist.

“Yeah, I’m, like, almost done? I just have to pack the dumb stuff. Just things you always could use, y’know? Shampoo and stuff.” Dream yawns once more, then begins to run around in-game, moving in worthless circles.

“How are you so prepared? You live in *Florida*! I don’t even have the slightest clue what to pack. I have a jacket in my suitcase and that’s basically it.” Sapnap’s whiny voice carries on through George’s headset, and he makes a sour face.

Dream lets out a long and annoyed sigh. “Call me later, I’ll help you pack, you idiot.” There’s a silence that George knows is Dream holding back something else, and it’s tense for a moment. The viewers can’t tell, but the trio know each other well enough to know when a silence is *too* silent. George grabs his cup and takes a long drink of water, glancing off to his second monitor to see if any disgruntled messages will appear in their Discord group. It remains untouched.

“Okay.” Sapnap says simply, not bothering to argue back against Dream’s insult.

“Anyways!” George claps his hands together, grinning at the stream. “I have an actual plan today. Let’s get busy.”

\*\*\*

By the time George ends the stream, he’s absolutely exhausted. He almost immediately leaves the call as well, a short “Goodbye” barely escaping his lips before he’s shutting down his computer, turning off his lights and stumbling into his bed. He lays there, staring up at his ceiling, and sleep seems to escape him for just a moment.

It’d been *quite* the stream, to say the least. Twitter would be incredibly happy, and he’d seem plenty of shouts of ‘COMFORT STREAM’ flooding the chat. To be fair, he supposed it was quite nice for them. The trio had talked a lot about the upcoming trip, Dream and Sapnap absolutely raving about the snow. The one thing George had been worried most about.

The snow.

He supposed it wasn't a big deal to *talk* about it, but there was still the nagging feeling of dread in his stomach. Enough that, even while *streaming*, he'd navigated to Google on his second monitor and typed in 'the fear of snow'.

George's result was *chionophobia*. It really did describe everything he'd felt, and he hated it. He closed the tab after a few seconds of harsh studying, then forced a smile on his face. He and Dream had carried on with their typical 'flirting' - which was really just fanservice- and he started to relax much more. It didn't stop the fear from nagging at him from behind the scenes, but it did relax it quite a bit.

So *why* couldn't George stop *thinking*, as he laid in his bed, blankets pulled up and arms tucked comfortably over himself. He found it rather unfair. He figured, maybe, it was because of so much talk about snow. He felt rather anxious. No, no, not that. It wasn't anxiety, and he wasn't thinking about the snow.

*Dream*, George realized suddenly. The sleep escaped his mind. *I'm thinking about Dream.*

He sat up abruptly in his bed, frowning to himself. That wasn't something he did. He didn't just sit around and think about Dream, because that would be weird and George wasn't weird. Frowning to himself, and crossing his arms over his chest, George wondered why Dream had been on his mind so much. He took a deep breath, taking a moment to sort out his thoughts and gather a logical answer, rather than the absolutely insane ones that had been pressing at the corners of his mind, the edges of his thought process.

It was just because he'd be seeing Dream for the first time. That was it, George decided. He'd finally be seeing Dream's face, and being next to him in person sounded a bit startling. That's why Dream occupied his mind for most of his days, why it was only *DreamDreamDreamdreamdreamdreamdream* pressing at his thoughts during the most illogical moments. Why Sapnap's name didn't accompany Dream's.

George took another breath and calmed himself down. He laid back in the bed, shutting his eyes, and willed himself to sleep.

He knew, somehow, deep in his chest, that it'd be a long week until the flight.

slight switch in the pov for today! lemme know how you felt about that :) also, any theories on where george's fear stems from? i'd love to hear your thought <3

don't forget i'm @fruitpirates on twitter as well!

-v



# Chapter 4

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Summary

In which they meet, and Dream hates planes.

## Chapter Notes

hi! holy shit! thank you all so much for the support, i'm glad this is getting attention! it's kind of overwhelming- i would just like to say, officially, that i don't mind this being spread around. we're working on posting it on wattpad as well just to make sure everyone can read it. thank you all so so incredibly much for the amount of love and appreciation for this, we're in shock over here behind the scenes of chionophobia.

much love and enjoy the chapter! -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream barely realizes he's walking through the airport. It really sets in when he's boarding, and a slight panic itches at his mind. He bites his lip as he passes over the ticket, offering a small smile to the flight attendant who's collecting them. Dream steps a nervous foot onto the plane, just glad he'd convinced Sapnap and George to let him buy the expensive tickets, so they could at least fly in the slightest bit of luxury. He'd paid probably a little too much, but he always did and he had the money to spend, so why not put it to something like this? Sapnap and George had forced him to let them help with the money for renting the lodge, so the least he could do in return was pay for in-flight Wi-Fi.

George had boarded his flight a few hours ago. He'd be the last one arriving at the airport, Sapnap being the first and Dream landing just after Sapnap. Of course, George did have an ocean to cross and Sapnap and Dream only had a matter of hours. George had been texting Sapnap and Dream for a while, but the texts stopped coming in and Dream had assumed the older boy had fallen asleep.

Dream hoped he could fall asleep. Panic rose in his throat as he actually sat down in his seat in first class, trying to mentally prepare himself. He was glad that he had a seat by himself, so nobody other than flight attendants could disturb him. He stared out of the window, gripping the seat handles and praying to absolutely nothing. He tries to keep his breathing steady as he watches the scenery outside move, but his heart picks up its pace nonetheless. He can't help but text George.

## **Dream**

*Sorry i knoe you;'re sleeping*

## **Dream**

*My sstupiod plane is taking off*

## **Dream**

*I took som e dumb over the counter thinf i thoight it;d work. I just feel worse i think*

## **Dream**

*I'll stop spamming yuo nkw just wanted you to know my fliht took off*

Dream's hands are furiously shaking as he shoves his phone back into his pocket. He squeezes his eyes shut, leaning back against the seat. His panicked thoughts are only broken by the sound of a flight attendant quietly walking down the aisle. Vaguely, he realizes they're actually in the air. They're flying. He's in a plane, and it's flying.

"Are you doing alright, sir? Flight anxiety?" The flight attendant asks in a kind voice, and he opens his eyes to glance over at her.

He offers a forced smile. "I... yeah. Flight anxiety." Dream glances out the window before turning his focus back to her. "I doubt there's anything you can offer?"

"Just ginger ale." She smiles kindly, and once Dream nods she heads off to go collect the soda. Dream takes a deep breath from somewhere low in his chest, then nods, reassuring himself.

He'll be okay, he decides. Flights aren't that hard.

\*\*\*

He was so, *so* incredibly wrong. It was entirely that hard. He exits the plane on wobbly legs, face blanched. Dream feels like he's about to throw up as he pulls his phone out once again, tracking

down the baggage claim. George had texted him back about halfway through his flight, reassuring him that he'd be okay, and he'd land soon.

The flight felt like years to Dream, and as he grabbed his bags and headed down an escalator, he got a text from Sapnap.

## **Sapnap**

*Holy shit your flight just landed, didn't it? Where are you? Im here waiting*

## **Dream**

*COMING DOWN THE ESCALATOR RIGHT NOW.*

Dream can't help the overjoyed smile that fights onto his lips, the edge of nausea fading. He runs down the last few moving steps, ignoring the way he struggles slightly with his baggage. He spots Sapnap standing on his tiptoes, looking nervously at the escalators. His face breaks out in a stupidly big smile, a wheeze halfway escaping his lips as he walks quickly over. Sapnap looks up once Dream's nearly halfway to him and his stupid smile matches Dreams. The younger breaks out in a sprint and Dream lets go of his luggage to grab Sapnap, wrapping him in a crushing hug.

"Hey, brother." Dream says, smiling as he tucks his chin atop Sapnap's shoulder.

"Hey," Sapnap breathes, giggling stupidly. "I missed you, man."

"I missed you too." Dream pulls back first, a hand on Sapnap's shoulder. He grins dumbly, and Sapnap's smile mimics his own. He lets out a laugh, shaking his head slightly. "We're really here, huh?"

Sapnap laughs as he steps back from Dream, and the pair begin walking to the waiting area. They've still got plenty of time to kill before George arrives. "We really are. I can't even believe it, dude. I mean, we've met before, but it's been like a year or two by now since the last time, hasn't it?"

"It has." Dream smiles, though he's not sure if it ever really left his face. "I almost puked. I'm still a little nauseous."

Sapnap has the *audacity* to laugh at him. “Jesus, dude. Are you really that wigged out by flying? You know you still have to take a flight home, right?”

“Please don’t remind me.” Dream groans, dragging his palms down his face. He chuckles nonetheless. “It’s not... right. I am not a bird. I am not built for flying.”

Sapnap giggles, and the pair sit down in the small waiting area, turning to face each other as they exchange stupid stories about their families or other things that’d occurred in their personal lives, or things that had happened on the flight. After talking for the better part of an hour, the two find the conversation ending, and on a mutual agreement, they both end up just scrolling through Twitter.

By the time Dream begins feeling like his ADHD won’t let him sit for any longer, they both get the same text in their shared group chat with George.

## **George**

*Just left baggage claims. Heading to the escalator.*

Dream’s heart nearly leaps out of his chest. He stands immediately, grinning like an overly hyper puppy. He grins, yanking Sapnap to his feet. He nearly forgets his baggage, barely managing to grab it as he drags both it and Sapnap to the same place Sapnap had picked him up. He bounces on his heels anxiously, biting his lip.

“Dudde, calm down,” Sapnap laughs, “you look like you’re going to piss yourself. Again.”

“Shut up! I’m excited, aren’t you? We’re meeting *George!*” Dream says, and a soft gasp escapes his lips as he catches sight of the oldest of the trio heading down the escalator.

Nerves bubble back up in Dream’s stomach as he realizes he never actually showed George what he looked like. He’s never been too self-conscious of how he looks, but he supposes it’s a little bit different with George. He doesn’t know why.

“GOGY!” Sapnap shouts, a stupid grin on his face. George’s head snaps up, and Dream can see the embarrassed blush on George’s cheeks. He watches as George begins heading over, then catches sight of Dream. Dream raises his hand in a half wave, a sheepish half-grin lighting up his face as he does so. George seems to take in a deep breath, then begin to pick up his walking pace. Dream can’t help but take a few steps in his direction as well.

“Go get him, tiger.” Sapnap speaks from beside him, gently pushing Dream forward.

He takes off the same way Sapnap did, not hesitating a moment to catch George in a tight hug, the (much) shorter boy’s laughter filling his ears. He spins with George slightly, his chin resting on the top of George’s head. He pulls back after a moment, holding George away slightly by both of his shoulders before pulling him back into a hug.

“Holy shit. You’re really here.” Dream says in a half-laugh, George nodding slightly against his chest. The two break apart after another moment and Dream can’t help the awkward blush that blossoms across his cheeks. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to hug you like that.”

“It’s okay, Dream.” George says, a stupid smile on his face as well. “I’m really here. Wow.” George looks up and Dream can’t help but laugh. “You’re.. Wow.”

“I’m wow?” Dream smirks slightly, a hand still resting on George’s upper arm. He can’t get over the fact that George is in front of him, and Dream can physically touch him. It’s startling, in a way.

“Shut up! You’re just not bad looking. I didn’t know what to expect to see. You never showed me what you looked like.” George stumbles over his words slightly, and Dream swears there’s a blush dusting his cheeks.

“You’re really short.”

“Dream! You’re just freakishly tall.” George laughs and pushes Dream slightly, and Dream drags him over to Sapnap. The two exchange a hug of their own, and Dream *can’t stop smiling*.

“How was your flight, Gogy?” Sapnap asks, hands on George’s shoulders. “And I *am* taller than you! I told you!”

George rolls his eyes, but he smiles. “My flight was long and comfy. I slept for a lot of it. When you two weren’t texting me.”

Sapnap smiles, then lets out a heavy laugh. “Holy shit. The boys! We’re all here together! C’mon, I already brought my luggage to the lodge house thing and I’ve got a rental car outside. Let’s hurry up, I’m pretty sure it’s about to snow and I really do not want to drive in the snow.”

The three begin walking out, talking animatedly and laughing as they bump their shoulders together slightly. Dream still can't believe they're all together as he looks over, catching George's gaze at the same time. They share somewhat of a secret smile, and Dream laughs, lightly bumping into George's shoulder again as they walk into the chilly air.

"Fuck, it's cold!" Dream lets a slight gasp pass his lips, his hoodie feeling suddenly too thin for the freezing air. Sapnap has a grimace on his face, and George looks slightly indifferent. "I knew it'd be cold, I just didn't know it'd be *this* cold."

George laughs at the two. "You two are weak! Have you really never felt this cold before?"

"No!" Dream shouts as they reach the car, and Sapnap opens the trunk.

"Gogy, we're from Florida and *Texas*. Cold is like 40 degrees, not *twenty!*" Sapnap whines as the three get in the car, Sapnap and Dream in the front and George opting for the back. They pick up a new conversation as Sapnap begins driving.

"Dream, how was your flight?" George speaks up from the back, leaning forward curiously.

Dream shudders. "It was fine I guess."

"I forgot to ask you about that. How was your, like... anxiety?" Sapnap questions, glancing over at him.

"Um, not great, I guess." Dream shifts in his seat. "I had a panic attack or two, I think. I don't know. I was really out of it." The car is silent for a moment, and George sighs.

"Your texts scared me a little," George says after a little hesitation, "I was worried."

"You texted George and not me?!" Sapnap whines, looking over at Dream. Dream pushes his face back to the road. "I did, yeah. You were taking your stuff to the place!"

“I’m hurt and offended.” The youngest states, pulling a laugh from Dream and a sigh of annoyance from George.

“You are so dumb, Sapnap!” George says, finally taking a look out of his window. Dream hears him suck in a breath, and glances back. George has redirected his attention to his phone. Dream raises a curious brow but turns back forward as Sapnap turns onto a somewhat iffy road, heading up a steep-ish hill.

“We’re almost there!” Sapnap grins, taking a few turns that make Dream’s stomach flip and grip the door handle. He stares forward as the lodge comes into view, and he can’t help but let out a surprised noise.

“Holy shit. It’s so much nicer than it looked online.” Dream says. George’s gasp from the back confirms he feels the same.

The lodge is gorgeous, to say the least. It’s made from a darker type of wood, and Dream is somewhat amazed as he stares through the windshield. Sapnap’s already parked, but the trio are sat staring in some sort of awestruck silence. There’s a big window on the second story that he can see, and he spies some kind of bookshelves through it. George is leaned forward, elbow on the center console as he stares as well. Sapnap makes some kind of shocked noise from beside him.

“I want to explore.” Dream states, and clambers out of the car, grabbing his luggage from the back quickly before speed-walking to the door. He opens it, somewhat annoyed Sapnap forgot to lock it, but the feeling disappears quickly. Abandoning his bags, he heads down the front hall. There’s a bathroom right off the entrance, and a coat closet, then opens up into the living room and kitchen, as well as a dining room off to the right. Dream’s somewhat awestruck, and he spots a staircase placed in the back of the living area. He heads up the steps, and finds himself standing in an open area, in front of the window he had just seen from outside.

He turns as he hears a little gasp behind him, and George is just behind him on the top step. He grins slightly. “This is..”

“Gorgeous.” George finishes, taking the last step and entering the open area. He heads over the bookshelves, trailing his fingers along the shelves. Dream catches himself staring for probably a little too long before turning to head down the hall. There are two bedrooms across the hall from each other, then a third at the end of the hall. If he remembers right, that one is the master and has a joint bathroom in it. He decides he’ll let one of the others have that room, and continues his exploration. There’s a bathroom on the right side of the hall, just before the first room, and he chooses the room on the left. He pushes open the door.

Dream figures it's a pretty nice room. Sizeable bed, and there's a desk pushed against one wall. Much different than his normal setup, of course, but that was expected in a new location. There was a window facing the backyard and a cluster of trees. He smiles softly and turns, jumping.

"George, holy shit, you scared me." Dream chuckles, leaning against the wall. "I think I'm picking this room."

George smiles. "So humble. Sapnap and I were gonna give you the master, since you paid for so much of it. I picked out the room across the hall, so... I guess Sap gets the big room, huh?"

"Yeah." Dream says, smiling softly. "You of all people should know I'd rather give more than take. It's how I've always been, man." He chuckles, then stands up straight. "You can always take the big room, y'know. Sap doesn't have to know."

For some reason the phrase stood out to Dream. *Sap doesn't have to know*. He wasn't really sure why, but he moved on as George began speaking. "Nah. I'll let him have it. He'll get all excited and stuff, and that's always fun to see. He's such a child for his age."

"He's still young." Dream smiles, then laughs as he hears Sapnap's voice down the hall.

"Did you guys know your luggage is actually really heavy? Jesus, George, did you put cement in here or something? Which one's my room? And why are the stairs so far apart? Also, that library is super cool." Sapnap rambles as he drags the luggage down the hall, coming to a stop in front of Dream's door. "Jeez, is it a party in here? How come I wasn't invited?"

"You talk more than me when I don't take my medicine." Dream states. "Yes, my luggage is heavy, highly doubt George is strong enough to carry cement, you get the master, don't know on the stairs, not a party, and you're invited now." Dream beams.

"I am not weak!" George says, an offended tone tracing his words. He grabs his luggage and huffs off to his room.

"Wait. I get the masters?" Sapnap asks, turning his attention back to Dream. "You're supposed to take it."

"I'm not takin' it." Dream responds. "George isn't takin' it. It's yours."



“What the fuck. You’re insane.” Sapnap grins, then books it down the hall, yanking his luggage behind him.

A smile crosses Dream’s mouth, and he pulls his suitcases into his room before closing his door over. He opens it, grabbing out a change of clothes. He’d been in his jeans too long and they were starting to get on nerves. He hums, pulling out black sweats, opting to keep his current hoodie on for extra warmth. Sapnap claimed he’d turned the heat on, but the chilly air was still slipping into the house and Dream hated every aspect of it.

Humming as he changes his clothes, Dream finds himself surprisingly content. He’s quite happy with himself. He smooths his hoodie out, shaking out each of his legs to readjust the sweats and get himself fully comfy. He nods to himself, flopping onto the bed, and is surprised at how comfy it is. He hadn’t expected it for a rental vacation home. Either way, he was pleased as he pulled out his phone. Opening Twitter, he smiles. His mentions are completely flooded as usual, but he enjoys it this time. It feels so much different being with his friends and checking twitter. For the hell of it, he writes one up.

*@Sapnap @GeorgeNotFound we’re in the same house right now... isn’t that wild?*

He tweets it.

Dream can’t hold back his wheeze as Sapnap lets out a groan and George shouts, “You are *SO* dumb!” from across the hall. He’s nearly doubled over as he laughs, and his phone buzzes with tweet notifications from the both of them. He manages to gather his bearing, opening the tweet. George, to his surprise, had tweeted a video.

It’s just the strangely patterned bed sheets that are on his own bed, but he can hear his own laughter in the background. Dream flushes slightly, and he can see all of his timeline losing their minds over the audio clip. Dream responds to the tweet.

*GEORGE WHY WOULD YOU POST THIS WTF*

He smiles, standing, and crosses the hall. He leans into the doorway, pointing at George, who is flopped on his bed the same way Dream had just been. George looks over at him and gives him a cheeky smirk.

“You are EVIL.” Dream states, a smile on his face nonetheless. “You broke Twitter.”

Sapnap enters the room as well, but lightly pushes past Dream to go sit on George's bed, despite his protests. "Dudes," he giggles, "I didn't know it was possible to trend something that fast. They amaze me every single day."

"Piss off, Sapnap, you're on my bed-"

"They always trend things quickly. George, ignore him. They fiend for crumbs of content, and they knew we were supposed to meet up. They're just surprised we actually did it. They're traumatized from the vlog you didn't edit, George."

"Leave me alone," George rolls his eyes, but there's no venom in his tone. "You're the one who said you'd be at the meetup!"

"Ladies, ladies, please. Calm down. Can we go watch a movie or something? The couch is stupid big, and the TV is also big. Big. This whole house is big. What the hell." Sapnap asks, beginning to ramble off. He stands from George's bed, then pulls Dream out of the room with him. "C'mon Gogy!" He adds on as he drags Dream down the hall.

"Save me, George!" Dream laughs, and George quickly joins the pair. As they head downstairs together, Dream can't help the smile that plays at his lips. He's stupidly happy, having a wonderful time with his best friends, even if they're jetlagged and tired and mildly annoyed in some cases (George). He doesn't like movies, and can barely focus to last through them half the time, but he's actually excited. Genuinely excited.

## Chapter End Notes

long one today!! i hope you guys enjoyed it <3 feel free to leave your thoughts or anything else in the comments !! can't believe we're already almost over halfway to 1k hits. it's wild to think about!

sorry this one came out a little later today as well- it's been a super busy day <3

as always, my twitter is @fruitpirates and i'll see you in the next chapter! o7

## Chapter 5

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

### Chapter Summary

Dream's feelings are a confusing matter.

### Chapter Notes

hellloooo! good morning/evening/night to everyone, i hope you're all having a lovely day. once again, thank you sososo much for the overwhelming amount of support. we're working on trying to think out an update schedule of sorts, since daily uploads are getting a little bit more difficult to do.

enjoy the chapter! -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Of course, the three end up passing out barely halfway through the movie. Sapnap is sprawled on the floor in a mess of pillows and scavenged blankets, and Dream has his legs on George's lap, George's hand resting on his calf when he wakes up the next morning. He stretches, rubs his eyes, and debates falling back asleep.

Dream yawns, and watches as George slowly wakes up. Dream begins to realize how badly his back and neck hurt from the uncomfortable position of leaning against the arm of the couch for so long, and George has the same grimacing expression as he sits up. George looks over at Dream, voice groggy.

"Where's Sapnap?"

"The floor." Dream says, clearing his throat slightly. He shudders. "It's cold."

"I know." George lets his hand fall back to resting on Dream's leg, and Dream shivers at the touch. He blames it on the cold. "That's the only reason I haven't pushed your heavy legs off me yet. Because they're warm, and I'm cold."

Dream smiles slightly, running a hand through his hair and letting his head fall back. He stares up at the ceiling. “My brain is all muddled. What time is it?”

“Can you literally shut up?” Sarnap groans from the floor, and George laughs. The warm hand leaves Dream’s leg.

“Goodmorning, sunshine!” Dream chimes in.

“I hate you.” Sarnap replies.

“Someone’s hungry, clearly.” George states, pushing Dream’s legs off his lap gently. The younger lets out a disgruntled noise at how cold his legs suddenly are. He can almost hear George roll his eyes as he walks into the kitchen. “Sap, we have... bananas. And whatever a ‘froot loop’ is. No milk, though.”

“No milk?” Dream asks, pushing himself up a bit. He sits, rolling his shoulders to regain a feeling in them that isn’t pain. It doesn’t work very well. “You can’t have cereal without milk. It’s just sad. Simply. Literally everyone knows that.”

“Lactose intolerant people don’t agree with you.” Sarnap chimes from the floor.

“You’re not even lactose intolerant.” George sounds entirely exasperated, and Dream can’t blame him. Sarnap’s random quips are funny at times, but now he’s all grumpy from waking up and he *still* doesn’t know what time it is.

“What time is it, George?” Dream repeats his previous question, and George looks around for a clock or his phone. Whichever comes first.

“Around 11.” He answers, and Sarnap voices his annoyance with this in the form of a whiny groan. Dream lets himself fall back onto the couch.

“We need to go shopping or something for food later today.” George says, and cracks his knuckles. Dream lets out a somewhat disgusted noise.

“I hated that.” Dream says, to the ceiling.

“Okay. Didn’t ask.” Sapnap replies. He receives a pillow to his face. “DREAM!”

“Anyways, George, I completely agree. We should probably find a store or something, right? We can go on a shopping trip. There’s nothing wrong with going to a Walmart with the boys.” Dream chuckles, crossing his legs and pulling his hoodie sleeves over his cold hands. He steals a blanket from Sapnap.

Ignoring Sapnap’s angry whining at the loss of a blanket, George nods. “You’re right. We’ll go shopping, and then we’ll figure out what else to do.” He pauses before continuing, “What about your face, Dream?”

“Huh?” Dream responds, his tired brain too slow to figure out what George had meant.

“Your *face*, idiot. Everyone knows what Sapnap and I look like. There’s a chance that we get recognized, and if you’re with us then there’s no doubt you will too. Get it now? What I’m saying is, you’re faceless and we’re not. Someone’s gonna leak it if you’re not careful.” George answers, and Dream slowly realizes he’s right.

“Oh,” Dream says. “Yeah.”

“Well, I have sunglasses. And if you just... wear a mask or something and keep your hood up, then you’re probably fine?” Sapnap says from the floor, his head popping up into Dream’s view as he leans up onto the couch. He rests his head on his palms.

“Do I look like a discount Ranboo to you?” Dream laughs nonetheless, nodding. “That’s a good idea, though, Sap. I say we do it.”

“Risky, but okay.” George nods, stretching his arms above his head. Dream catches himself staring, and busies himself with looking at the ceiling.

Dream stands, and stretches, his knees and shoulders cracking. He kicks Sapnap’s knee. “Get up, and get dressed. You can’t go to the store wearing pajama pants and whatever that shirt is. C’mon, man.”

“People do it all the time,” Sapnap whines, “why can’t I?”

“Because we’re famous, Sapnap.” George fills in, heading up the steps to his room. Dream follows, and Sapnap’s groan, from behind him, informs Dream that he’s gotten up as well.

Heading into his room, Dream lightly shuts the door behind him. Ignoring the strange thoughts pushing against his mind, he pulls open his suitcase and hunts down a decent outfit, settling on jeans and a random t-shirt.

Changing is *not* fun in the chilly air of his room. He shudders his way into a plain black hoodie, rubbing his arms to try and warm himself up the slightest bit. He nods to himself, pulling open his room door and stepping into the hall as he takes a moment to check his phone. It’s nearly dead, but he figures he won’t need it anyways. If he really needs to, he’ll just borrow Sapnap’s phone.

George opens his room door and nearly jumps out of his skin as he sees Dream. Dream laughs, grinning. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you. What’s got you so jumpy?”

“Nothing, you jerk!” George smiles slightly anyways. “Has Sapnap left his room yet?”

“No! Give me two seconds, Jesus!” Sapnap answers for him, voice muffled behind the door and the walls of the lodge. George rolls his eyes as he looks over at Dream.

“Hey, there’s your answer.” Dream laughs, heading downstairs as he shoves his phone in his pocket. Behind him, George yells at Sapnap to hurry up, and Sapnap screams back at him to shut the fuck up. Dream sighs heavily, but he smiles. He passes through the living room, glancing at the mess of pillows and blankets on the floor, and the same place where he’d fallen asleep with his legs on George’s lap.

For some reason, butterflies rise in his stomach. Dream tears his gaze from the couch, shaking off the strange feeling. He heads down the hall, hunting down his discarded shoes from yesterday and stretches slightly, pulling them on and tying them quickly. He leans against the wall, taking a moment to think.

Why the hell had he gotten butterflies thinking about *George* ? It’s far too much to handle, combined with the fact they’d all be in the same place. He’d been reading too much into every interaction, every touch he shared, every time he’d made *eye contact* with George. He quickly pushed aside his thoughts as Sapnap and George came thumping down the stairs, bickering as they

headed down the hall. Dream forced himself to smile, waving slightly at the two.

“Took you damn near long enough,” Dream says, “I was gonna leave without you.”

“No you weren’t, you wouldn’t because you love me.” Sapnap states proudly as he tugs on his own shoes.

“Okay, Sap, keep telling yourself that one.” Dream laughs, then looks at Sapnap expectantly. “Sunglasses?” Sapnap puts in the effort to unfold the sunglasses, clumsily pushing them onto Dream’s face. Dream pushes Sapnap’s hands away, spluttering. “Jesus, okay! Stop it, get your gross hands out of my face. You’re such a menace.”

Sapnap beams proudly, then grabs the keys to their rental. “I’m driving.”

“Okay, Sapnap, fine. I call shotgun, though!” George smirks at Dream, who can’t help an unintentional blush rising to his cheeks.

“That’s fine.” Dream says quickly, pulling open the front door and stepping into the aggressively cold air. “I have a mask in my pocket. C’mon.” He yanks open the back door as Sapnap unlocks the car, and he plops right down in the cold backseat, buckling.

George sits in the passenger seat, and Sapnap takes his spot as the driver. He grins, starting the car, and Dream feels a rush of nerves.

He’s actually going out into public. With George and Sapnap. Where he could be recognized. He just hopes the sunglasses, mask, and hoodie combination are enough to stop prying eyes. That’s really all he can do though, is hope. He takes a slightly wobbly breath and Sapnap pulls them out of their “driveway”, heading down the rocky road and hills before depositing the car back on an actual road. He leans his head against his cold window to ground himself, and finds himself making eye contact with George through the side mirror.

George raises a brow at him, a soft smile on his lips. Dream smiles in return, sighing softly. The look George gives him is a surprisingly serious one, and he tilts his head as if to ask Dream if he’s alright. He nods, then shuts his eyes to zone back out against the cold glass.

\*\*\*

Arriving at the Walmart is terrifying for Dream. It takes him a moment to actually get out of the car, stepping into the freezing air once again. Sapnap and George are by his sides, and George looks at him for confirmation on if he'll be okay *actually* entering the store.

Dream takes a moment. He takes a few moments, actually, fiddling with both the mask and the sunglasses before pulling his hood up. He forces his fidgety hands into his pockets. "So. Let's go shopping, huh?" Dream forces a smile onto his face, even though they can't see it, and only has one thought as they enter the building.

*God, I hope we don't get recognized.*

## Chapter End Notes

little bit of a shorter one today! so sorry about that, but i hope its a good one <3

the next chapter will be a lot better! pls leave your thoughts or anything, and my twitter is @ffruitpirates <3

see you next time!



# Chapter 6

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Summary

They go shopping, make some new plans, and George takes some time to think about things.

## Chapter Notes

holy shit!!! thank you all so incredibly much. we've hit 100+ kudos & over 1k hits by now. this is absolutely insane! i only thought this would reach my friends and maybe a few others, so the fact this has gotten the attention it has is absolutely mindblowing. thank you all.

today we've got a george pov, and if i do say so myself, this is a pretty good chapter ;)

before we start, i do want to just quickly say this is dedicated to emmy. thank you for changing my life for the better, angel.

enjoy the chapter! -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George has never been one to like going out in public. It's just not his thing, and combined with being semi-famous and being friends with Dream just makes him anxious. He doesn't like getting recognized, or having the possibility of being recognized looming over his head. It's not his thing, and he always thinks he's terrible at meeting new people.

Dream is by his side, sunglasses and mask donned proudly, and George can't tell how he feels about it all. He wonders, for a short moment if Dream is as nervous as he is. He figures it shouldn't be a big deal- they're just going into Walmart to get some food so they don't die of starvation in their lodge. Stepping into the store, Sapnap takes the lead as Dream grabs a cart. They head through the store, and George thinks about how different it is from the stores where he's from in London.

They head down some aisle full of just chips, and Dream and Sapnap don't hesitate to grab a few bags of them, and George takes a moment to actually look around.

“This is so... interesting.” He says after a long moment.

“Huh?” Dream asks, turning to George. “Oh, is it a lot different than whatever it's like across the pond?” He says the last part in a horrible British accent that George can't help but cringe at.

Sapnap lets out a loud giggle, and Dream shushes him. “Dream, do that accent again.” He says through a laugh, grabbing the cart from Dream and leading them to another aisle, this time full of drinks. George participates in this one, grabbing a case of water. If he knows anything about his friends, it's that they'll forget entirely to drink water.

The trio continues their shopping without too many bumps, the only notable thing being Sapnap tripping and nearly hitting the floor, which of course sends Dream into a wheezing fit. They check out just fine, and they exit the store, heading through the parking lot. Dream is the first into the car, stealing the front seat, and leaving George and Sapnap to actually put the stuff they'd bought into the car.

“Sorry, are you Georgenotfound?” A voice asks behind George, and he jumps. Physically *jumps*. Sapnap laughs at him, turning around.

“Yeah, he's Georgenotfound.” Sapnap replies for him, and George takes a moment to actually regain his bearing before turning as well, smiling.

“Nice to meet you.” He says, and Sapnap beams, bumping his shoulder into George's.

“It's so cool to meet you! Oh my gosh,” The girl in front of them looks like her head is going to explode. She's beaming. “I saw on Twitter that you met up, I didn't think it was real!”

“We traumatized everyone after the vlog.” Sapnap says, and George's face burns red. That's his fault.

“Oops.” George says, then laughs. He and Sapnap both give the fan a quick hug, then a picture, and she leaves. They go back to packing up the car. George gets in the car as Sapnap goes to put the cart back, and Dream has his knees pulled to his chest in the front seat.

“Dream?” George questions, and Dream lets out a shaky laugh.

“Dude, I totally thought she saw my face.” He sits up properly in the front seat, turning to face George. His cheeks are red. George offers a soft smile. “I turned around when she said your name. Completely forgot I haven’t even shown my face. I think you guys were standing right in front of me. Made my heart stop for a second.”

“It’s all good, Dream. Don’t worry, okay?” George pats his shoulder somewhat awkwardly, pulling his hand back as Sapnap opens the driver’s side door and gets in, starting the car. George gets buckled, and he hears Dream doing the same in the front seat.

“So,” Sapnap starts, “I had an idea.”

“Oh, no.” Dream groans, letting his head hit the back of his seat. George laughs.

“What’s your idea, Sappitus Nappitus?”

“It’s supposed to snow tomorrow, and I was thinking, well, you can’t do much in the snow, so what if we went ice skating? I’ve never been, and it sounds fun, and if we’re indoors then there’s no snow.” Sapnap presents.

George’s stomach drops. He swallows roughly, and he can’t think of an answer. The mere idea of having to drive in the snow, potentially walk through the snow, or be anywhere near it is enough to freak him out. He struggles to find an answer, and Dream provides one.

“Yeah, but then we’d have to drive in the snow and that’s worse.” *It is*. “So we should go later today, if anything. Then we can just chill out tomorrow while it snows.” Dream responds, looking over at Sapnap.

“You have a point, good sir! Later today then? What do you think, George?”

“Fine with me.” George manages to say, looking down at the phone in his hands. He looks up the weather, and the thoughts vacate his head. He completely zones out. *It is* supposed to snow tomorrow, and it’s not like he can just stay holed up in his room. He’s with his friends. Surely it can’t be that bad if he’s got Dream and Sapnap there with him. George thinks hard. Maybe he should just tell them about his fear, and they can try and help him with it. But at the same time he doesn’t want to come off as a coward.

George has managed it for most of his life, anyways. He's pushed through it alone. Nobody needed to know about his stupid, irrational fear of the snow. He snapped back into reality, realizing someone was actually saying his name.

"-George? Geeeeoorge?" Sapnap questions, glancing in the mirror to look back at George.  
"Gogy?"

"Sorry, I zoned out, what?" George answers, forcing a smile onto his lips.

"Just asked if you had any specific ideas for things to do while we're here. You okay, dude?"

"I'm good. Just zoned out is all," George says. "No specific ideas. We have to stream at least once while we're here, though. The three of us together is too good to miss out on."

"Yep." Dream says, nodding. "Completely agree. Does anyone have the stuff for streaming?"

"I have my laptop." Sapnap offers.

"Same." George adds.

"Okay," Dream says, "that's a start. We can work with that. I have mine too. It's better than nothing. You don't have shit laptops, right?"

"No, but I'm not sure if it can handle streaming *and* a game in the background." Sapnap navigates the car onto the road George now recognizes. Another turn and they're back on the unpaved road to the lodge.

"So let's do just chatting." Dream says, and George nearly chokes.

Clearing his throat, George leans forward and points out the obvious. "You haven't face revealed."

Dream shrugs. “I can sit out of frame, it’ll be fine! Besides. You and Sapnap will be the center of attention. Me saying words from out of the frame will be just fine for them.”

As Sapnap parks the car, George decides that’s fine with him. “Okay, I guess. But the setup’s going to be *so* scuffed. We’re going to have to sit on like, regular chairs.”

“My poor ass.” Sapnap turns off the car, and laughs, getting out. He opens the trunk, and George gets out as well, bumping into Dream.

“Clumsy.” Dream laughs, patting George’s shoulder. His hand rests there for a moment, and George gets used to the warmth right as Dream pulls it away, heading to the back of the car to help Sapnap unload.

George flushes a light pink for missing the feeling of Dream’s hand on his shoulder, and heads to the back of the car to grab a few bags, and together the three of them manage to grab all of them. Dream shuts the trunk, smiling down at George and for a moment he hates the height difference. He rolls his eyes, heading to the door and waiting for Sapnap to fumble his keys back out of his pockets, unlocking the door. The trio heads in the kitchen, and George deposits his bags on the island. He glances at the contents of each of the bags, frowning slightly.

“What the hell did you all pick out?” George questions, looking through a few of the bags.

“Necessary food things,” Dream states, then begins putting things in the fridge. George shrugs and helps him and Sapnap, and the three worked pretty quickly as a trio, aside from Sapnap and Dream bickering momentarily over a bag of chips (Sapnap won).

“Okay. It’s all put away, so, we should get ready to go ice skating, right?” Dream says.

“Yeah. They’re really cold so if you’ve got like, another jacket you can wear *over* your hoodies or gloves or a scarf or something, you should grab that.” George adds.

“Have you been skating before, George?” Sapnap asks as they all head upstairs to their respective rooms.

“Yeah, I used to go a lot when I was younger. Just haven’t been in a while. Dream, you looked up a place where we can go skating, right?” George looks over at Dream as they reach the top of the stairs.

“Yep,” He answers, giving George a thumbs up and a goofy smile.

“Cool.” George smiles back softly, entering his room. He shuts the door behind him, grabbing another jacket to layer on top of his hoodie and opting to shove the gloves into the jacket’s pocket, tucking a scarf around his neck. If anything, he can just pull his hood up rather than grab a hat. He heads out of his room, first for once, and makes his way downstairs.

George opts to wait outside. Opening the front door and shutting it behind him, he finds himself sitting on the cold cement of the front porch. He sighs, and watches his shaky breath appear before him in the freezing air. He rests his forearms on his thighs, leaning forward a bit and clasping his hands in front of him. The cold was refreshing. He looked up to the sky, squinting a bit, and he could smell the snow in the air. It always smelled the same before a good snow.

A good snow. He nearly laughed at the thought. To him, a “good snow” was somewhat of an oxymoron. He’d never experienced anything close to a good snow. The only thing snow brought George was anxiety. Snow brought dread, and fear, and the need to stay inside from the threat of something else happening to him that he couldn’t fully remember.

George knew most people couldn’t remember the feeling of pain. It wasn’t something your brain was supposed to be able to do. You can’t look back and remember pain, remember how it felt, your brain doesn’t allow it. But he felt like he could, like he could never forget the pain, the searing cold and the feeling of the snow on his face, and the feeling of being so *alone*. He wondered for a moment, the thought fleeting, why he’d never spoken to anyone about it. A therapist could’ve done him some good, or maybe even just his friends. Sappan and Dream could help him through dealing with the snow.

But that would involve talking about *feelings*, and being *personal*, and those were two things George hated. As the front door opened behind him, and Dream scolds him for sitting out in the cold, George abandons his scalding thoughts and stands, smiling dumbly, and calls shotgun. He forgets about his moments of wallowing in his own self-pity and fear, and gets in the car.

His friends keep him grounded. George knows the only reason he agreed to even go somewhere with snow is because of them, and he’s glad. Maybe it’s the first step to getting over his fear.

Maybe it’s the first step to getting better.

so!! what'd you think of this one? lemme know!

i promise the next chapter they'll actually go ice skating !! definitely gonna be a good one. also: i'm thinking of making some kind of an update schedule? i might start changing from daily uploads to every other day just for the sake of quality and being able to relax a little :)

took my time on this chapter as well, that's why it's coming out a bit later than usual, but i hope you enjoyed it <3

like always, my twitter is @fruitpirates and i'll see you in the next one!

# Chapter 7

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Summary

Our favorite trio experiences ice-skating.

## Chapter Notes

hi! welcome back again!!

this was a really fun chapter to write ;) pls enjoy! i think this one's one of the best so far. have a great time :]

dedicated to emmy <3 -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George steps out of the car and shivers, shutting his door. He catches up with Dream and Sapnap, falling into step beside Sapnap.

“It’s cold,” Sapnap states, “I’m cold.”

“It’s going to be colder inside, Sap,” Dream says. “Might as well get used to it.”

George lets out a soft squeak as he’s wrapped in a crushing hug from behind. Sapnap laughs from behind him. “Georgie, it’s going to be cold, cuddle me!”

George laughs, though he squirms his way out of Sapnap’s grasp. “You suck, Sapnap! You couldn’t have grabbed Dream?!”

“Oh, hell no. Don’t even come near me, Sapnap!” Dream pulls his hands from his pockets, holding them up. George is nearly doubled over laughing, his cold breath making clouds in the freezing air. Sapnap lunges for Dream, and is immediately grabbed instead. Dream laughs, arms trapping



Sapnap's. He looks over at George with a big grin, and George feels his heart stutter. He blames his rosy cheeks on the cold as he watches the youngest kick his legs, giggling profusely.

"I'm gonna tickle you while you're sleeping, you bastard!" Sapnap squeals, and Dream drops him so fast Sapnap nearly lands on his ass. Dream points at Sapnap, cheeks red from the biting air, and waves his finger.

"Absolutely not. Besides, if you're sneaking into my room for anything at night it better be for-"

"Oh my God, Dream, shut up!" George cuts in, dragging his cold hands down his face.

"I was gonna say cuddles, George, get your mind out of the gutter." Dream has the *audacity* to actually boop George's nose, which catches George so incredibly off guard that he can barely make any English words leave his mouth. Dream laughs, and hooks an arm around George's waist, grabbing the back of Sapnap's hoodie with his other hand and pulls them both close.

Dream's hand against George's side feels like it's burning through his shirt. George's mind is scrambled as he presses up against Dream, who is preoccupied trying to get Sapnap under his other arm. George figures Dream is satisfied once he gets his arm firmly around Sapnap's shoulders, and his hand is *still resting on George's waist* and frankly, George's mind is moving miles per minute second, and his face is so incredibly red he imagines he resembles somewhat of a tomato.

"Look, I've got my two favorite boys right by my sides." Dream says, and grins stupidly down at George.

"Dude, literally shut up." Sapnap laughs, and wiggles away from Dream, walking backwards to head into the building. "C'mon, Gogmeister, don't listen to this fool. He's in it for the money!"

George gathers his thoughts, which feels like an impossible task for a short moment, and quickly breaks out of Dream's grasp, catching up with Sapnap. He glances back at Dream, who's smiling dumbly. Dream lifts his hand in a half-wave, and George feels his heart skip a beat for the second time.

He shakes off the feeling. It's a strange way to feel about his best friend. Dream catches up after a few more seconds, and the three enter the chilled building. It's a different cold from the outside, and much brighter than the warm atmosphere of the setting sun.

“Jesus,” Dream says, “It really is cold.”

The trio make their way across the lobby of the skating rink, and collect their skates. They sit on a bench, George smushed between both Dream and Sapnap.

“Y’know,” George says, “There are actually other benches and we don’t all have to sit on the same one.”

“And?” Sapnap replies, struggling to lace his skates. “Didn’t ask.”

Dream wheezes beside him, and George can’t help but roll his eyes as he ties his own skates, smiling slightly. He’s missed skating, the feeling of the ice under the blades of the shoes. George chuckles, finishing tying his skates and looking over at Dream’s.

“Do you seriously need help tying them?” George asks, laughing softly at Dream struggling beside him. Sapnap had managed to figure it out, and he was done, but Dream was sat there, frowning at the laces in his hands.

“Please?” Dream offers a small smile to George, and George nods. Dream turns to put the shoe up on the bench and George takes the laces from him, quickly relacing them and making sure they’re perfectly tight before tying them, moving onto the second shoe with a soft smile.

“There.” George says with a proud smile, patting Dream’s knee after he puts his foot back down on the floor. “You’re all set.”

“You’ve had practice, huh?” Dream smiles, and George laughs with a nod, then stands.

“This part is fun,” George says, “C’m on. Get up.”

Sapnap and Dream stand, and George can’t help but laugh. They look like wobbly deer. George leads them onto the ice, smiling brightly. Dream is hugging the wall, and Sapnap is gripping Dream’s arm.

“Get off of me, Sapnap!” Dream whines, and George snorts.

“It’s not that hard. Get off the wall,” George tugs on Sapnap’s arm, skating backwards for a moment.

“How can you go *backwards* , George?” Dream asks, letting go of the wall to lean forward slightly.

George points at him. “Do that if you think you’re gonna fall. Lean forward and put your hands on your knees, okay? Just like that, Dream.”

George realizes quickly it’s a lot harder to teach them to skate than he expected. Dream is a complete idiot when it comes to skating, and Sapnap has been on his ass more than on his feet. Dream is doing reasonably well, for the most part, and can actually manage to stay on his own two feet. George turns around to check they’re doing okay, and at the same moment, Sapnap manages to bump into Dream. Dream stumbles on his feet, attempting to stay on his own two feet.

“Sapnap!” Dream shouts, and George quickly realizes Dream is headed straight for him. He makes his next few realizations from the ice. One, Dream had completely ran into him and knocked them both down. Two, he’d *absolutely* managed to hit his head. Three, Dream was on top of George in the most awkward position they could possibly be in.

George swallowed roughly, ignoring the throbbing from his head, looked up at Dream as he propped himself up over George.

“Oh,” Dream said, and George wondered if Dream’s heart was beating as hard as his was. “Sorry, this is really awkward. Are you okay?”

George took a deep breath, propping himself up on his elbows, and he was entirely too aware of the lack of distance between him and Dream. They were too close to each other, and George’s hands were starting to sting from the cold ice they were pressed against.

“My head hurts.” He managed to breathe out, and he took a moment to fully collect himself as Dream quickly scrambled off of him. He sat upright, rubbing the back of his head slightly to soothe the growing pain. George takes a pained breath, moving to sit on his knees, bringing one up to place both his hands on, then pushes himself back up to his feet. He wobbles there slightly.

“Shit, dude, I’m sorry, that’s completely my fault.” Sapnap says, making his way over to George. “Are you, like, actually okay?”

George nods, rubbing his eyes slightly. The back of his head *hurts*, and he's surprised it's not bleeding. He wouldn't be surprised if he had a concussion, but that would be an issue for another day and he *really* didn't want to deal with the idea of a hospital. "Kinda hungry. Can we go and get food or something?"

"Yeah, let's get outta here. I'm tired of falling and you showing off." Dream smiled softly, and the three of them exit the rink, removing the skates and locating their shoes. Dream handles turning them in, while Sapnap and George head out to the car.

"Hey, I'm really sorry, you know." Sapnap speaks up, as they exit the rink and step back into the cold air of the night.

"It's okay, Sapnap. Really. I'm okay." George looks over at the younger boy. He looks completely guilt ridden, and George gently bumps his shoulder into Sapnap's. "I mean it."

Sapnap stays silent for a moment as they reach the car. He unlocks it, and George gets into the passenger seat, looking over at Sapnap sitting in the drivers. Sapnap takes a breath, then nods. "Okay."

"Okay." George smiles.

"Y'know, that was super awkward to watch." Sapnap says, and George buries his face in his hands.

"You think it was awkward to *watch*?! I was the one experiencing it, Sapnap!" George places his hands back in his lap, face burning red. He refuses to look over to make eye contact with Sapnap.

"Y'know," Sapnap starts, "The amount of tension between you two-"

"Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up! There is no tension, you're such a nimrod." George groans, throwing his head back against the seat. He yelps, leaning back forward, rubbing his head.

"I'm the nimrod, huh?"

Dream opens the back door and gets in, and offers George an ice pack.

“What the hell? Where’d you even get that, Dream?” George questions, but takes it anyways. He lightly presses it to the back of his head, hissing out a sigh.

“The lady at the shoe counter thing was very chatty. It was exhausting. But she gave me an ice pack for you.” Dream smiles, buckling up.

“I live in your mind rent free.” George laughs, but leans against the feeling of the ice pack as Sapnap begins to drive.

“I had a good time,” Sapnap sas, glancing over for a moment before turning his attention back to the road. “Even though I fell a lot and all of my bones hurt. I’m probably covered in bruises, honestly.”

“I think we all are.” Dream adds from the back.

George snorts. “I probably have a concussion. I wonder who’s fault that would be. I don’t fall when I skate, because I’m good at it.”

“Show off!” Sapnap whines, taking a turn. George spots golden arches.

“McDonald’s!” Dream cheers from the backseat. “Let’s goooo!”

“Oh, thank God, I was starving.” George grins, sitting up a bit straighter in his seat. He pulls the ice pack from his head. George can’t deny the fact that he’s been having some rather strange feelings lately, and the fact that Dream’s name has been pressing at every corner of his mind for the past three hours. But he’s happy, and that’s what matters to him. He’ll deal with his feelings, and his fears, when the time comes. When it’s necessary. For now though, he’s just an idiot hanging out with his two best friends in a McDonald’s parking lot at 10pm, laughing about getting knocked down. Throwing fries across the seats. Complaining as Sapnap plants a ketchup-y pickle right on his hand.

It feels like home. Sapnap and Dream feel like home.

## Chapter End Notes

lemme know what you thought of this one!! i had a lot of fun writing this one, but it might've just been because of two of the other editors having a presence in the doc at the time. (thank you elmer and purge) i love seeing your comments- they're truly so fun and myself and the other writer/editors love seeing them :)

i'll see you in the next one! (it'll be a real good one i think)

# Chapter 8

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Summary

It snows.

## Chapter Notes

hi! no chapter yesterday because i had,, the worst writers block & i was a liil sick!

general tw for anxiety/panic in this chapter :)

this one goes out to mars. idiot!!

enjoy! -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George wakes up the next morning cold. He rubs his eyes, squinting against the bright light of the bedroom. He shifts under the blankets, and glances over at the shut curtains. George recalls closing them sometime around midnight, when the three had finally decided to stop talking and hanging around and fussing over George's head. They'd deemed him well enough to rest. He'd woken up just fine, albeit a little sore. He brought his fingertips to the back of his head, hissing slightly at the way it stung.

George knows it's snowed. He doesn't want to acknowledge it, doesn't want to look outside to confirm it, and he certainly doesn't want to go outside. If he doesn't see it, he doesn't have to process the feelings that come with it. The feeling of the snow hitting his face. The feeling of being alone. The stinging of the cold. The ache of his shoulders. Feeling alone, while not being alone.

Someone knocks at his door, and George's thoughts disappear. He sits up, rubbing his arms, and leans over the bed to grab his sweatshirt from the floor. He tugs it on as he stands, making his way to his door. He opens it.

Dream shifts on his feet slightly, offering an awkward smile. "Hi," he says. "Good morning. Um, Sappap and I made breakfast, so that's ready. How does your head feel?"

“Good morning. It feels okay. I don’t have a headache anymore. Just stings to touch it, really.” George chuckles, shoving his hands in his pockets. “I’ll be down soon. Dude, it’s really cold. What’s up with that? I woke up freezing.”

“Oh, yeah. It snowed really hard, I think this place is super drafty or something. It’s still snowing. Do you need any extra blankets or something for tonight? There’s still extras downstairs. I can bring one up later if you want. It’s a lot warmer downstairs.” Dream says.

Still snowing. The chances of the curtains being shut downstairs are a lot smaller. George figures he’s going to have to get much better at ignoring things in the next few minutes. “I probably will. I’ll grab one, it’s cool. Uh, I’ll be down in a sec, yeah?” Dream nods in response, and George quietly shuts his door as Dream heads back downstairs. George crosses the room, standing in front of the curtains.

He doesn't really want to push them aside. He figures he might as well before venturing downstairs, just to desensitize himself from the snow a little. George can’t be shocked by the sight downstairs if he sees it alone first.

That’s what he figures, at least. George takes a deep breath and pulls the curtain aside. It’s definitely snowing, and it’s snowing quite hard. He can’t move from where he’s stood in front of the window, curtain in a tight grip, and he sways on his feet slightly. It’d be a beautiful view, the snow falling heavily and layered on beautiful dead trees, the sunlight bouncing off it in every direction. It’d be a beautiful view, if George wasn’t standing there fully petrified. The heavy snowflakes continue to fall before glazed over eyes, before an unfocused stare.

“Fuck,” George utters. He lets go of the curtain, quickly shoving it shut. He can’t shake the feeling of fear from his shoulders, from the way it’s enveloping him and surrounding him in its cold grip. He catches himself shaking, and he can’t tell if it’s from the cold or from the terror. From the feeling of being thrown back into memories he swore he covered up in their own mental prison. His thoughts trudged through deep snow, his mind carrying a heavy backpack. His subconscious struggled to find the trail.

George takes a few deep breaths, hands clenched into tight fists by his sides. He’s expected to go downstairs and enter the open kitchen, windows on nearly every wall, enveloped by the sight of snow falling. He takes a step back, turning away from the window and exits his room. George tries his best to block the windows from his sight, but he still feels the presence of them, feels the way the knowledge of the snow pierces through his mind, invades his thoughts. He heads into the kitchen, taking a seat at the counter. A plate is pushed in front of him.



“You look like shit.” Sapnap states.

George *feels* like shit. “Do I really?” He rubs his eyes for a moment, barely lifting his gance. He knows there’s a window just behind Sapnap, and he can tell the curtains are open. He aggressively stabs his fork into the eggs on the plate.

“Yeesh.” Dream says, re-entering the kitchen. “George, you really do look pretty bad. Did your head start hurting? You didn’t look so bad when I came up just a few minutes ago. What happened, dude?”

“Nothing, Dream, I’m fine. There’s nothing to talk about. Seriously.” George knows he’s being short with them, knows he should just cave in and tell them about the stupid fear that’s crushing him, tracking his every move, watching every step he takes. He continues to eat, gaze locked on the counter and the plate before him.

Sapnap sighs, muttering something under his breath that George can’t quite catch. George glances up for a moment, barely a second, but it’s long enough for him to see the thick snow outside, the heavy snowflakes falling. His breath catches, and he nearly chokes on the eggs. He shuts his eyes tightly, empty hand clenched in a fist, fork held too tightly in the other. His leg bounces where it sits rested on the stool.

Someone rests a hand on his shoulder and George snaps his eyes open. He shudders out a deep breath as he glances to the side. Dream is sat beside him, not saying anything, just sitting. He gets used to the feeling quickly, his grip on the fork loosening slightly. He un-clenches his fist, steadying his breaths, and finishes the food on his plate. Dream’s hand slips away as George sets his fork down on his plate.

He almost misses the feeling. The plate disappears from his gaze, and George forces himself to look up. He looks everywhere but at the window, yet the window is all he can think about.

“George, what is going *on* ?” Dream asks, voice soft, and Sapnap leans against the counter beside him, arms crossed loosely. Dream looks concerned, and for a moment, George regrets coming downstairs. He should’ve stayed holed up in the small bedroom, the feeling of the four walls and one window around him suffocating him. Anything would be better than sitting in the kitchen, Dream and Sapnap’s gaze staring him down. He swallows thickly, and the words get caught in his throat. He tries to think of a lie, think of anything to cover it up with, but he can’t think straight. His eyes keep darting back to the window, back to the snow, back to terror.

“The snow, “ George starts, and his gaze drops back down to the counter. He can’t handle looking

at his two friends. He hears Dream shift.

“The snow?” Sapnap questions, and George forces his eyes shut, pressing the heels of his hands against his eyes. His mind is going too fast, too many thoughts flooding every corner of his subconscious. He nods slightly.

“What about the snow, George?” Dream’s voice is soft, and beside George now. George’s breath hitches.

“I don’t- I just,” George starts. He tries to think of the words, but none of them feel right. He settles on one word, rather than many. “Scared.”

“You’re... scared... of the snow?” Sapnap asks from across the counter. George almost wants to cry.

The fear is stupid. It’s stupid, but it’s *suffocating*. He struggles to think of the right words, to think of something, *anything*, to say to Sapnap. His breath quickens, and he keeps his hands pressed firmly to his face. He just nods again, rubbing his eyes slightly. He struggles to find a way to stay grounded, to not lose himself in his thoughts the same way he had in his room, staring out of the window.

Dream rests his hand back on George’s shoulder, voice soft. “It’s okay, George. You’re alright. Do you want Sapnap to shut the curtains?”

George shrugs slightly, but lets out a deep sigh as he hears the curtains slide shut, Sapnap’s light footsteps exiting the kitchen. The sounds are farther away, but he assumes Sapnap is shutting *all* of the curtains.

George is almost embarrassed for a moment. Sapnap is going around shutting all of the curtains because George is sitting at the counter, panicking, trying not to cry over it *snowing*. He thought he was over all of this, over all of the fear. He figured the trip would be a good way to push himself, but the only thing it’d managed to push was all the wrong buttons. George almost laughs, laughs at the way he’s pitying himself. Instead he feels tears pricking the back of his eyes, and he shrinks into himself, choking back the noise that slips from his lips as he tries not to sob.

He’s been with them for barely two days and he’s crying in front of them. The thought just embarrasses George further, and he knows he’s crying over *both* the embarrassment and the fear at

this point. He's completely ashamed, but Dream is rubbing his shoulder and whispering quiet words, trying to soothe him as best he can. Sapnap's beside him as well, telling him to take deep breaths and calm down. He tries his best, taking shaky breaths.

"I'm sorry." George mutters, pulling his sleeves over his hands. He uses them to wipe his eyes.

"Hey, don't apologize. It's okay, dude. We got you, okay?" Dream pats his shoulder. "Are you still up for a stream later? Just to distract yourself a little. The curtains are shut, by the way."

"And don't feel pressured to tell us anything," Sapnap adds from beside him. A hand ruffles his eyes, and George musters a soft smile.

"Stream soon. Once I calm down." George snuffles, pulling his hands from his eyes.

"Group hug?" Sapnap offers, and George rolls his eyes as he nods.

Dream cheers, and George laughs softly as he's met with a hug from both sides. Sapnap gives him a stupid forehead kiss, and George gags. "Sapnap!"

"Homie forehead kiss!" Sapnap giggles, and George considers pushing him out of the hug for a moment.

"Sapnap!" Dream gasps with fake offense. "How dare you!" George lets out a soft "oof" as he's tugged closer to Dream. At this point, he's barely still on his own chair and more leaned up against Dream's chest than anything. He huffs, giving up, deciding to just stay slumped there while his friends keep up their dramatics.

"You can't take Gogy away!" Sapnap screeches, and Dream's grip around him tightens. George just hopes Dream can't feel the way his heartbeat picks up, the way it's racing in his chest. He wonders if it's going to thud out. George hides his face against Dream's shoulder. He's sitting there, practically on his *lap*, while his two idiot friends are roleplaying some kind of weird love triangle. He contemplates getting on a plane home early.

"Yes I can!" Dream replies, laughing. "I already have! See? He's hugging me, not you! You fool!"

George is well aware he's about to be pulled from the comfortable warmth, and he lets out a long sigh. He loves his stupid friends.

## Chapter End Notes

lemme know what you thought of this one! as always the twitter is @fruitpirates.

see you in the next one! (should be the stream ;))

# Chapter 9

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Summary

Dream and Sapnap have a chat. The trio streams.

## Chapter Notes

woooo this chapters the stream! also: HOLY SHIT. thank you for 2.4k hits!! myself & the cowriters & editors are just absolutely baffled by the insane amount of support on this. truly didn't expect the love this has been receiving, so thank you so much for that!

i'm not exactly sure if i like this chapter from a writers pov, but i hope you guys enjoy reading it <3

dedicated to elmer & mars

enjoy!! -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was in a pickle. A big, fat, juicy pickle. He wasn't exactly sure of the feelings he was having, but he knew they weren't ones he was supposed to be having. George had decided to head up to his room to calm down alone for a little while, as Sapnap and Dream figured out how to set up some kind of streaming setup.

So far, they had two shitty chairs from the dining room brought upstairs to sit in the master bedroom. They'd chosen it just because it was biggest, and had the most amount of clear space. Dream had suggested using his own laptop to stream with, and Sapnap's for the chat. Before George had fully shut his room door, he passed over his camera and left Sapnap and Dream to figure out how to set it up. They got it, after a good amount of fucking around and making plenty of mistakes. They'd run a test stream on a throwaway channel, and everything seemed to be running smoothly.

The setup had the camera facing away from the bed, and they'd rearranged to where the desk was setup closer to the bed, the chairs in front of the wall. It was scuffed, by all means, but it meant Dream got to chill out on the bed rather than being in front of the camera.

“You’re lucky for not having to sit in one of those chairs for two hours.” Sapnap stated, flopping onto the bed beside Dream.

Dream looks over, tucking his hands under his head comfortably as Sapnap rested his hands on his own stomach. “Yeah, you’re right. Just faceless perks, huh?”

They settle in the silence for a few moments, Sapnap humming slightly. Dream stares up at the ceiling.

“George kinda scared me today.” Sapnap speaks up, and Dream nods slightly. “It was kinda startling, seeing him like that. He’s just always so.... Put together, y’know?”

Dream hummed. “I guess so. It caught me off guard. I don’t want to push him or anything. I just wish he was more okay with talking about himself. I want to be able to help him. Y’know? It’s just... I don’t know. It’s different being with him in person. I feel kinda weird.”

Sapnap snorts, catching Dream off guard. “You realize how gay you are for George, right?”

“Sapnap!” Dream blushes, covering his face with his hands. “I am not. You’re such a jerk, you know that-”

“Karl and I have a thing.” Sapnap blurts. The statement catches Dream so off guard that he *chokes*, spluttering out a cough. He sits up, then looks back over at Sapnap.

“What do you mean, a thing?” Dream questions. Sapnap looks somewhat embarrassed, and Dream quickly changes his tone. “I fully support you, by the way.”

“We’re dating, kinda, I think. I dunno. It’s complicated, in a way, but it’s also not. I just figured I’d tell you, I tell you everything, so-”

“Yeah, no, of course!” Dream rushes. “I completely understand that. We haven’t talked like this in a while, just the two of us. Just real feelings and stuff.”

Sapnap smiles softly. Dream misses seeing this side of him. “Yeah, it has. Y’know, you’ve looked like you have a lot of stuff on your mind lately.” Sapnap nudges his leg, and Dream can’t help the blush that burns at his cheeks. “I won’t pretend I don’t see the way you look at George when he’s not paying attention.”

Dream thinks for a long moment. He bites his lip, staring down at the sheets of the bed. Sapnap reaches over to pat his head. “I…” Dream searches for the words, but they lie just out of his mental grasp. A knock at the open door startles him from his thoughts.

George stands there somewhat awkwardly, eyes flitting to the closed curtains before looking back at Sapnap and Dream on the bed. His sleeves are pulled over his hands, and he’s wearing a red hoodie with black sweats. Dream smiles. “Hi,” George says. “Are we ready to stream? Sorry if I interrupted anything.”

“Nah, you came at just the right moment.” Dream stands, looking over at Sapnap.

Sapnap sighs, standing as well. He stretches his arms up over his head, then shakes his arms out. He looks over at George. “Ready to have a grand time sitting in uncomfortable chairs for the next few hours?”

George grins. “Absolutely. When am I not?”

Dream laughs, and watches as George fusses with the camera he and Sapnap struggled to set up, trying to situate them both in the frame. George nods, pleased with himself, then plops down in his chair. He gives Sapnap an expectant look, and Sapnap rolls his eyes, pressing the go live button on his Twitch channel. He sits himself down quickly. Dream grins, and gets comfy behind the camera. He watches the chat immediately explode on Sapnap’s laptop in front of him.

“Hi!” George grins stupidly, waving with both hands. Sapnap pushes his hands down, laughing.

“You look like such a dork!” Sapnap says, smiling at the camera, and looking at Dream.

Dream looks down at chat, humming slightly behind the camera. “Hi, chat! I’m here too, don’t forget! Sapnap and George aren’t *that* special, c’mon now.” He reads out a few of the donations, staring one in particular down.

*Dream, does George get as much pretty privilege IRL as he does online?*

If only they knew. George had occupied every inch of his mind, every bone in his body, every breath of his days. One and a half days of being with George in person, and Dream was drowning in him. He blinks, looking back up at Sapnap and George, who were animatedly talking about some kind of sandwich. Sapnap catches his gaze, pausing in the middle of his sentence. Dream shakes his head quickly, before George can take notice of Sapnap's hesitation, and Sapnap carries on with his argument.

Dream lets out a soft sigh, then reads the donation out loud. “‘Dream, does George get as much pretty privilege IRL as he does online?’ Yes, yes he does.”

“Georgey-weorgy is vewy pwetty!” Sapnap coos, forgetting all prior arguments. He ruffles George's hair, giggling as George smacks his hands away in annoyance, rolling his eyes.

“Stop it. You are so annoying, Sapnap! What even is pretty privilege?” George whines, scooting his chair away from Sapnap's slightly. “I hate you so much.”

“No you don't, George, be nice.” Dream throws a pillow at George, who catches it with an annoyed look. “And pretty privilege is when three girls come up to you while you're ice skating and compliment you while Sapnap and I fall on our *asses* while you're supposed to be talking to us. *And* when the McDonald's lady gives you extra fries. And when Sapnap gives you a forehead kiss and not me!” At this point in Dream's list, George has his head buried in his hands, and Dream can see his red ears. He laughs, wheezing heavily.

George stands, stepping out of frame for a moment. Sapnap has a hand covering his mouth, laughing just as hard as Dream is, and Dream is in *tears*, and George is walking around the room complaining loudly at both of them. Dream snorts, genuinely snorts as Sapnap ends up on the floor. “Dream! *Sapnap!*” George lets out an exasperated noise. Dream collects himself enough to stutter his way through another dono.

“George is- George is the pretty best friend.”

Sapnap sits up, re-situating himself into his seat as he points a finger at the camera. “Actually, that's Dream.”

Dream lets out a playful gasp. “I disagree! Dare I say Sapnap is the pretty best friend?”



“No. It’s me.” George states plainly, sitting back in his chair. He looks at Dream with a deadpan, eye contact strong enough that it makes Dream blush. “Pretty privilege, right?”

Dream has no words. Not a single word. At that moment, all he thinks about is how right Sapnap was. He’s completely fucked. He’s got plenty on his mind, far too much on his mind, and all he’s thinking about is George, George, George, George, George, George. He can’t even splutter out some kind of answer, and Sapnap is sitting there with a stupidly smug smirk.

“He agrees!” Sapnap cheers. Dream stands abruptly and George gives him a confused look. Dream spins the laptop with chat around so it faces them and they can read, and Dream points at the door.

“I gotta- pee. I’ll be right back.” Dream nearly falls on his ass as he quickly makes his way to the door. Sapnap’s teasing follows him down the hall, and he can hear George’s laughter as he shuts the door. He leans heavily against the sink, turning on the cold water. He splashes his face, taking a few deep breaths. He’s realizing too many things at the same time, and during a *stream* at that. He’s fucked, completely and utterly fucked. So fucked. He dries off his face with his sleeves, shaking himself out, just loosening up a little bit before going back into the room.

Sapnap was right. He hates the thought. Sapnap is always right, and he should know this by now. Dream’s been friends with Sapnap for the longest time, long enough to know that Sapnap’s knowledge of Dream is nearly better than the way Dream knows himself. He smiles slightly.

He’s got quite the conversation to have with Sapnap later.

Dream heads back to the room after washing his hands. Sapnap is sprawled on the bed, and George is leaned against the bed, sitting on the floor. “You ended stream without me?” Dream pouts.

“Dude, I’m so tired. You dipping to piss was the best excuse to end.” Sapnap says, not moving from his position. Dream laughs, flopping into the bed beside Sapnap. The youngest grins. “Yeahhh, get in here. Come cuddle. George, get your fine ass up here, right now. We’re gonna spoon. All of us. C’mon, pspssps.” Sapnap pats his lap, and George protests for a moment before actually climbing up into the bed. The trio alternate positions a good bit and Dream ends up smushed into the middle. He’s got George on one side, resting on his arm, and George has an arm lazily thrown over Dream’s middle. Sapnap is essentially the same on the other side, and Dream has never been so *warm*.

George yawns, and Dream and Sapnap echo. “I’m going to take a nap here, dude.” Sapnap hums slightly, head against Dream’s chest.

“That’s fine.” Dream says. “I think a nap is deserved. Dream team nap time?”

“Dream team nap time.” George responds, curling up, pressed against Dream. Sapnap is the same on his other side.

Dream wonders for a moment, before falling asleep if this is what it’s like to truly feel happy. He has George *and* Sapnap sleeping by his sides, and he’s realizing a lot of feelings about George that he didn’t notice before. He shuts his eyes, comfortable with the warmth on both sides, and falls asleep.

## Chapter End Notes

so!1 how'd we feel about this one? the relationship things are starting to pick up a little! i hope the background karlnap is okay with everyone :]

i hope everyones enjoying and as always, my twitter is @fruitpirates! feel free to ask me anything :]

see you in the next one!

# Chapter 10

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Summary

There's a lot more to learn than Dream realizes.

## Chapter Notes

HI! oh my god, the support on this is CRAAAAZY. 3k hits !! 2 days ago we hit 2k hits. this is so absolutely crazy to me, i am so overjoyed that this is as amazing to other people as it is to me. also! i know this is coming out a little later than normal but i've been working on this one all day, and i think you'll really enjoy it. this is definitely one of my favorites.

enjoy! -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream wakes up a few hours later in a mess of tangled limbs. George turns out to be *very* cuddly, and Dream lets out a soft sigh as he lets his hand rest on George's back. George is clung to Dream like somewhat of a koala, head on Dream's chest and a leg thrown over one of Dream's. Sapnap has his back pressed to Dream's side, and he figures that at some point during their nap, Sapnap was the one to pull the blanket up. The room is much darker, the sun having set, and the light from the hallway casts into the open door.

Dream shifts slightly and Sapnap rolls over, rubbing his eyes as he faces Dream.

"Good evening, loverboy." Sapnap whispers after a yawn. "See, I told you. I'm never wrong, am I?"

Dream rolls his eyes, looking over at Sapnap. George's grip on him tightens. "You're going to wake up him, Sapnap. Shut up, oh my God. So what if you were right? We can't talk about this right now." Dream speaks quickly, keeping his voice at a whisper the best he can. George shifts from his position halfway on Dream, burying his face against the fabric of Dream's hoodie. Dream rubs his back slightly. "This feels so wrong. He's *sleeping*, he doesn't realize he's cuddling me."

Sapnap shrugs. "I said we were gonna cuddle. He started off laying on your arm anyways. It was bound to end up like this. I didn't know he was so clingy, though. I bet if you move too much he'll start *whining*. Anyways, I don't think there's anything wrong with it. I cuddled you while you were sleeping last time we met up."

"Yeah but that's different-"

"Dude, it literally isn't." Sapnap laughs, his giggle loud enough to make George stir. Dream shushes him.

George rubs his eyes, making a soft noise as he starts to wake up. Dream's heart skips a beat. He squeezes his eyes shut for a moment, lightly running his hand up and down George's back. George yawns, then seems to fully realize where he is. "Oh."

"Oh?" Dream chuckles softly. "Good evening."

"Sleeping beauty has awoken! And he didn't even need a true love's kiss." Sapnap grins, scooting closer to Dream. Dream thinks that if Sapnap gets any closer, he'll crawl inside his skin. George lets out an exasperated noise, pushing his face against Dream's hoodie.

"Did I fall asleep like this or did I accidentally start cuddling you in my sleep, Dream?"

"In your sleep, but it's fine. It's cold as fuck in here, the heat is nice." Dream hopes George ignores the way his heart is racing in his chest. George hasn't moved from his position. Dream wonders how much more of this he can take. George lifts his head slightly to look at Dream, and all Dream can think about is kissing him. Dream's heart thuds against his chest too loudly. George gives him a stupid smile.

"Your heart is beating really fast." George says, in almost a whisper. Dream can't find the words to answer.

Sapnap clears his throat from beside them. "Hi, guys, me here. Can you stop having eye sex now? Or just hurry up and kiss."

George pulls back, and Dream's hands rise to cover his face. George laughs, rolling over to lay on his back. Dream misses his warmth. "Oh my God, Sapnap, you're such an idiot. We weren't- it's not- we aren't- no!" Dream splutters from behind his hands, wishing he could sink through the bed and the floor.

"We are simply being homies, Sapnap. It's platonic. Unlike you and Karl, I read right through you!" George replies. Dream can *hear* the smirk on his face. Sapnap tries, and fails, to disagree.

Dream had just fantasized about kissing his best friend. His best friend, who'd fallen asleep on his chest to the beating of his heart. His best friend, who had been so close to his chest that he could feel his heart beating. His best friend, who he was falling for more every day.

Dream was in deep shit.

Sapnap sits up as Dream pulls his hands from his face. "I'm hungry," he states. "We need to go have dinner, now, please."

"Dude, you're so right. I'm starving." George is out of the bed before Dream can miss the loss of his body heat. He stretches and heads out of the bedroom, a call of, "Last one down is a nimrod!" behind him.

"Your face is so red. You're in so deep." Sapnap says, smirking at Dream.

Dream shoves Sapnap off the bed and heads downstairs to join George in the kitchen. He ignores Sapnap's whining, humming peacefully. As he enters the kitchen, he smiles at George, who is looking through the pantry for something to make.

"Looking like it's going to be mac and cheese." George says, looking over at Dream. "That alright?"

"Yeah, absolutely." Dream nods, leaning against the counter. He looks to the stairs as Sapnap stumbles down them.

"Dream!" He splutters grumpily. "That hurt. I can't believe you, after I fell asleep in your arms!"

Dream smirks. "George did too."

George holds up his hands after setting a pot down on the stove. “Hold on. Don’t include me. What’d you do, Dream?”

“He shoved me off the fucking bed, George!” Sapnap whines. “I fell, right on the floor. Hard as a fucking rock! I’m wounded, Georgie.”

George rolls his eyes and turns back to the pot, the water in it slowly starting to boil. “Sapnap, please get over yourself. You’re fine. Besides, I’m sure you deserved it, no?”

“Yes!” Dream shouts, at the same time Sapnap yells, “No!”

Dream snorts, then makes his way to the living room. He ignores George and Sapnap’s conversation in the kitchen, leaning over a small table beside one of the arms of the couch. Pushing aside the curtain slightly, Dream looks out at the dark night sky. It’s still snowing, the fat flakes floating down like tiny snowballs. He smiles softly.

He wishes George liked the snow. He wishes there was a way that he could talk to George, truly just sit and speak about why George feared so much. Dream didn’t want to pry- just wanted to figure out the reasoning behind George’s fear.

“I went on a hiking trip,” George’s soft voice speaks up behind him, and Dream jumps, nearly knocking the small table over as he scrambles to shut the curtain. George offers him a small smile. “With a friend. It was almost ten years ago, by now. We knew it’d be cold, and there was a chance of snow, we just didn’t expect the amount of it. It was- it was a day trip.”

George’s voice shakes as he continues, and Dream realizes George is talking about why he’s scared of the snow. “We were supposed to be hiking for about 8 hours max. We hoped to just get it over quickly, but, um... it started snowing about two hours in. We thought about just- just turning back but we figured we could just push through it if we walked quick enough. I-I was supposed to be leading. I lost the trail. It had started snowing so hard that I couldn’t see the original trail anymore, and there were a bunch of trails, really, and we just- we got lost.” George swallows roughly before continuing. Dream takes a step closer. “My friend, he- went off alone. He told me to just wait, to just chill out. He said he’d find the right way to go and then come back. He’d bring help, or, or something, and we’d get out of there.”

George shakes his head slightly, a tear slipping down his cheek. Dream doesn’t know what to say. “He never came back. The park rangers found *me* a few hours later. I was freezing, really, just sat

in the snow, waiting. I'm lucky that I was near an actual trail and not as far off as I thought I was. I think I was out there by myself for almost six hours, maybe. I don't even know. It felt like- like so long. I was just so *alone*. I thought I'd die there." George's voice breaks, and Dream steps forward in a moment of confidence, tugging George into his arms. He hugs the shorter boy tightly as he cries, George spluttering out the last few sentences through his tears. "He didn't make it. It was my idea to go on the trip, I-I knew there was a chance of it snowing and I risked it. I'm the reason he died. It's my fault."

Dream sighs, shaking his head. "No, it's not. You didn't know it would happen, George." He pushes George back slightly, hands on his shoulders. George wipes his eyes. "You shouldn't blame yourself for things like that. You can't see the future. You're *human*, George." Dream pulls him back into the hug. "I just wish there was a way I could help you. I hate seeing you like this."

"I want to help you help me." George mumbles into Dream's hoodie. His heart melts.

"You do?"

"I do." George says, before laughing softly. He pulls back on his own, eyes wiped dry. "God, it sounds like I just got married to you."

"Dudes, I just took the *fattest* shit, and I'm gonna be totally honest, the toilet is *deeeeee* definitely clogged." Sapnap says, walking into the living room. Dream lets out a groan. "Sapnap!"

The three head back into the kitchen and George finishes the mac and cheese, sliding a bowl to both Sapnap and Dream. He grabs his own bowl and settles down at the counter beside Dream. "Y'know, it's been such a long day. Is it still snowing?" George asks, and Sapnap nearly chokes on his mac and cheese from beside Dream. Dream nods quickly, swallowing his own bite.

"Yeah, it's still snowing. I just checked." Dream glances over at George, who nods contently. George lets out a soft hum, deep in thought. "Okay. Well, tomorrow, I'd like to try and go outside."

Sapnap chokes for real this time, coughing aggressively. He gets himself together, leaning forward to look around Dream at George. "Seriously? Like, outside-outside? Where it snowed?"

"Are you sure you're ready for that?" Dream adds. "I don't want you to push yourself, George."

George nods. “No, I’m sure. I want to try at least. It doesn’t mean we have to go outside for real, just means that maybe we can at least have the curtains open. Or I can try and actually touch the snow or something. I-I don’t know. We don’t have to, I don’t want to make you guys uncomfortable either. I know it’s weird or- scary when I panic. I don’t want to frighten you or anything.” George rushes out the last sentences, looking over at Dream and Sapnap as he shoves a bite of mac and cheese in his mouth.

Dream hadn’t expected to learn *this* much. He thought maybe he could find out a little bit of why George was so scared, not the entire backstory, and now George trusted him and Sapnap to go outside with him? “I want to help, George, I just- I don’t want you to push yourself into something you’re not comfortable with. I don’t want you to feel that scared anymore.”

“I won’t, because I’m not alone.” George speaks with more confidence now, sitting up a bit straighter. Dream would be lying if he tried to say he wasn’t impressed. “I’ll have you by my side, and hopefully Sapnap. I can’t freak out about feeling alone if I’m just not alone. Right?” George smiles softly. “I want to get over this, and I want to do it by both of you guys’ sides.”

Sapnap grins. “Oh, hell yes, George!”

The three finish their dinner together, discussing plans for the next day and random moments from their stream. Sapnap mentions something about a strange dream tied into a pun on Dream’s name, earning a groan from both George and Dream. They clean up together as well, Sapnap and George washing the dishes while Dream puts them away.

Dream is the first to head upstairs. He shuts his door behind him as he enters his room, changing into more comfortable pajamas. Once he’s satisfied, he turns off the light and flops into the bed, wiggling his way under the slightly cold covers. He smiles up at the dark ceiling. Dream had experienced such a plethora of emotions in two days, learning more about George than he had during their entire friendship. He was glad, in a way. His stupid crush was growing by a lot, and he hadn’t had much time to think about it on his own.

Dream had never labeled himself as straight, or as gay for that matter. He just figured he was himself, he was Dream, and that was enough for him. He didn’t need a big fancy label saying exactly what he was. Sure, he’d only really ever pictured himself with women, but he could see himself with George. He could absolutely see himself waking up next to George every morning, George in his arms comfortably. Getting another cat, or a dog maybe. He wasn’t sure how he felt about kids, but that was fine. Dream could see himself being comfortable with George around him for the long run, stuck with him for a good long while.

Sapnap knew a lot about sexuality. He was perfectly open with being bi, and he seemed really happy with Karl. Dream was glad, he knew his best friend and he knew Sapnap had been pining



over Karl for a long time. He wondered if maybe that'd be him and George someday, openly flirting on calls and on stream and just being happy with each other. That was something he could long for without feeling guilty.

Dream falls asleep thinking about George.

## Chapter End Notes

SO! how'd we feel about this one? i was super super excited to get this one out!

there might not be a chapter tomorrow, just because of how long this one took. just know that the next few chapters are definitely going to be ones to look for! <3 pls lemme know your thoughts, and as always my twitter is @fruitpirates.

also! if karlnap is really your jam, my best friend mars (stapledsoot on ao3) has been working on a karlnap fic called "the blind artist"!

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/28327713/chapters/69406446>

see you in the next one!

# Chapter 11

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Summary

George pushes his limits.

## Chapter Notes

hi everyoneee! i'm not sure if anyone reading keeps up with smp lore but just in case i have a chapter for u today as a little bit of a relaxer :)

also! side note: my name is vesper, i use he/they pronouns, and i'm your author :) no need to refer to me as author or anything special !! just vesper is fine :D

edit: i completely forgot to tw this chapter !! tw for overall panic and anxiety as well as traumatic memories!

dedicated to mars & spleen <3

this one's kinda long! hope you enjoy <3 -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George decides waking up in Dream's arms is infinitely better than waking up on his own and cold. He pulls his covers up over him farther, trying to warm himself up just the slightest bit more before he forces himself out of bed. He thinks back to waking up in Dream's arms the evening before, the way he woke up feeling safe and warm and comfortable. Dream's arms felt like home. George could wake up every day for the rest of his life with a migraine if it meant he got to wake up in Dream's arms.

George rolls onto his back. He diverts his attention to the ceiling. "Fuck," he whispers to himself. "I'm completely in love." He lets out a loud and annoyed groan, dragging his hands down his face. He lets his hands rest on his chest. He'd known he was gay for a plenty long while, he just hadn't really ever talked about it with Dream or Sapnap. He knew Sapnap was plenty bisexual, and he was proud of that fact. Dream had remained ambiguous for the most part- George had no clue what the hell Dream was attracted to.

The second morning in a row, there's a knock at his door. After a moment, Sapnap lets himself in.

“Morning, George. You feeling okay?”

George gave him a look. “Pardon?”

“Are you feeling okay?”

“Yes? You’re acting so strange. Why wouldn’t I be?” George sits up in the bed, pulling a blanket he’d kicked to the floor up to wrap around his shoulders.

“It’s almost 12:30.” Sapnap states, leaning against the door.

George’s jaw drops. He quickly grabs his phone from the nightstand, checking the time. Sapnap’s right- it’s just after 12:30. He rubs his eyes. “Shit, man. I didn’t even mean to sleep so long.

Sapnap smiles. “You had a rough day, yesterday, Georgie. Talking about feelings, streaming, cuddling, realizing you’re super gay for Dream, panicking a little, learning more about yourself...”

George does a double take. “What?”

“You had a long day!” Sapnap grins, then exits George’s room with a giggle.

George shakes his head, throwing aside the three blankets he’d slept under. He crosses the room to shut the door so he can change, pulling on a pair of warm sweats and fluffy socks, then a long sleeved shirt under his hoodie. The lodge was too fucking cold for his liking. He planned on facing his fear today, so he decided to dress comfortably. Can never be too comfy while losing your shit.

George exits his room, stepping down the stairs quickly. He enters the living room, running a hand through his messy hair. He smiles as he sees Dream on the couch. “Hi, good morning.”

Dream looks up quickly, giving George his stupidly amazing smile. “Georgie! Good afternoon. Glad to see you’re finally up.” Dream stands, straightening out his hoodie and adjusting his pants. He tilts his head to the side slightly as he looks at George. “Some people really do just wake up looking good, huh? Anyways, George. You plan on trying to go outside, right?”

George doesn't have time to process the comment about looking good before Dream changes the subject. He nods. "I do. I really can't guarantee I'll actually end up going outside, but I want to. That's what counts, right? I have the goal of actually accomplishing it?" George fusses with his sleeves, twisting the fabric between his hands. He looks up at Dream. "I thought about it a lot before bed last night. I think I- I'll probably be able to. Just... don't leave me, okay? I think that's probably why it's so scary. I don't like to be alone."

Dream nods confidently. "You won't be alone. I'm not going to leave your side for a second. Also, this morning Sapnap and I were looking up a few ways to help calm down from panic attacks and anxiety and stuff like that, so hopefully we can be a good enough support system for you. I just don't want to overwhelm you with anything, really."

George can't help the way his heart melts at Dream's words. "You're too sweet for your own good, Dream." George pats Dream's chest, then enters the kitchen to hunt for something to eat. He gets himself a bowl from one of the cabinets, then the milk from the fridge, and the cereal from the counter. He makes himself cereal, leaning against the counter as he eats. Sapnap grins mischievously as he enters the kitchen.

"Hiya, George. How's it going? Been like, five minutes since I saw you last. It's so crazy, we just keep bumping into each other!"

"I hate you so bad. I hate you, so bad. You suck."

Dream gasps as he joins his two best friends in the kitchen. "George! How rude. Sapnap has never done anything wrong a day in his life." Dream brings Sapnap into his arms, cradling the youngest's head against his chest. He pats the side of Sapnap's face. Sapnap looks mildly uncomfortable.

"You look like you just kidnapped him. Poor Sapnap." George fakes a pout, quickly delving into giggles. "He's a fiending little fuck. Don't listen to him, Dream. He spouts lies and nonsense!"

Sapnap smiles proudly. "I told you the truth that you didn't think I knew and you despise me for it. Sorry I'm always right, I'm just so cool like that. Don't you wish you were as cool as I am, George? It has to suck having no swag, huh?" Dream lets out an offended gasp, letting go of Sapnap.

"George has so much swag! You have none." Dream crosses the kitchen and George realizes very quickly that his personal space bubble is about to be compromised. He tries his best to avoid

Dream's hug. Yet, he still ends up in Dream's arms, a disgruntled expression crossing his face as he grips his bowl of cereal. George sighs, giving up, sinking against Dream's touch. Dream is stood behind him, arms wrapped around George's middle. George supposes the feeling could be much worse, but he's actually quite comfortable as he leans back against the taller boy. He's still trying to wake up and brush off the sleepiness from sleeping so long, humming slightly as he finishes his cereal. He shuts his eyes, letting himself just stand in the silence for a moment, empty bowl in his hands.

Sapnap laughs from the other side of the kitchen. "George, you're going to fall asleep like that."

George lets out a tired and annoyed huff. "It's not my fault he's warm and annoyingly comfortable. It's your fault he came over here anyways."

"Comfortable, George?" Dream smiles, ruffling George's hair before returning the arm back around George's middle. "Relaxed enough to try and go outside?"

George can't help tensing up slightly. Dream sighs softly. George sets the bowl down on the counter, wiggling out of Dream's grasp to stretch, waking himself up as best he can. He bounces on the heels of his feet for a moment, fiddling with his fingers. "Um, I guess we can give it a shot." George smiles nervously. "Don't leave my side. Please. Just- don't."

Dream nods, and takes one of George's hands. Sapnap takes the other with a big grin, and the trio makes their way to the front door. Dream looks at him, confirming he's ready for this. George gives a singular nod.

Dream pulls the front door open. George's breath gets stuck in his throat. It's very bright, for one, and the snow has stopped. In a way, it's very pretty, George thinks. It could be so much prettier if he could breathe properly, see the snow without seeing himself sitting in a snowbank, shivering and unsure if he'll live to even see another day. He grips Sapnap's hand a little tighter, tugging Dream a little closer to him, trying a little harder to calm himself down.

"George, breathe. Slower, buddy." Sapnap speaks up from beside him, frowning softly. He exaggerates his breaths beside George, and George nods numbly, copying the breaths Sapnap is taking. He trembles nonetheless, and he can't tell if it's from the cold or from the fear anymore. Dream gives Sapnap a look that George can't read, and Sapnap lets go of George's hand. Dream pulls George closer to him, wrapping an arm around George's shoulder.

"I got you, George." Dream whispers. "I got you. Calm down, it'll be alright."

George is trying his best. He really is. Most of his thoughts are in a state of panic- scrambling as he looks out over the deep snow. He can almost hear the same thoughts he'd thought while stuck out in the snow for so many hours.

*You're on your own, George.*

*He's not coming back.*

*You're going to die on your own out here.*

*You'll freeze to death before he makes it back.*

*This is all your fault.*

He's completely spacing out, getting lost in his head, losing himself to his own thoughts, and Dream distracts him. He's tugged closer, into a warmer embrace, and Dream is whispering to him.

"George? George, I'm here. It's okay. You're not alone. I'm right here, and I won't let you go, okay? I won't leave you. You're just fine. Do you want to go back inside? This doesn't feel right. I don't think-"

"No." George's voice comes out in a whisper, and his eyes are still unfocused. His gaze remains on the snow and the snowy trees. "Not yet."

Sapnap makes somewhat of a concerned noise, and he joins George's side with Dream. He pats George's back. "What do you want to do, George? Just, let us know. Please, tell us if you're getting too uncomfortable out here."

"Can I just- here. Come with me, Dream, I don't-" George can barely find the words to say, catching his lip between his teeth. He pulls Dream along with him. The steps of the porch and a good bit of the porch itself are covered with the high snow. George looks at Dream, then back to the snow. He grounds himself with the feeling of Dream's touch, with the knowledge that he's perfectly okay and that he's not alone. He reaches out a hand, bare fingertips grazing the snow's cold surface.

It's as if he's been burned. George rips his hand away quickly, holding it against his chest. He shakes his head, tuning quickly, shutting his eyes. "Inside. Let's go inside."

Sapnap nods, directing George, Dream, and himself inside. He shuts the door tightly behind them.

George shakes his head, pulling away from Dream, and pushes his hands into his hair. He frowns. "I'm sorry. I thought if I just, forced myself to, I could get over myself."

"That's never a way to deal with things." Sapnap's voice is soft as he reaches out a hand to rub George's shoulder. "There's always a right and a wrong way. You can't force yourself to get over a fear. You hold that fear for a specific reason, and that's why it's so hard for you. You need to understand, George, that this isn't something you can get over in just a day. Hell, not even a week, I'd say. You might not ever be fully over a fear like this, especially with the trauma that came with it. You lost a friend. You blame yourself for that. It's not an easy thing to recover from, and neither of us *expect* you to be over it super fast. Alright? Please. Pace yourself. You really need to just take some time to think on this. We'll do a tiny bit every day, but I don't like seeing you like the way you looked when we were outside. It just doesn't feel like you. It doesn't feel like George."

Tears sting the back of George's eyes, and he knows Sapnap is right. He pushes the heels of his hands to his eyes. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. You're right, I really, I shouldn't force myself. It was so fucking bad, what happened. It was so long ago and I still blame myself. I shouldn't have dragged you guys into this."

Dream pulls George into another hug. George considers moving there for good. "No, George, don't apologize for something you can't control. You didn't ask for a fear, and you shouldn't feel the need to apologize for it either. I know you blame yourself and for right now there's no way we can fix that. But while Sap and I are here, we're with you every step of the way, okay? We have you. I have you. I've got you."

George cries. He cries, and a lot, for the second day in a row. This time is different though, different in the sense that now he knows he's not alone; that his fear isn't hopeless and he can get through this. He can do this. He's got his best friends with him, and he's sandwiched in the middle of a hug with the both of them, Sapnap behind him as George cries into Dream's hoodie.

He's home. They're home. Sapnap and Dream are *home*, and George has just pulled into the driveway. He doesn't feel nearly as lost as he clings onto Dream, Sapnap's warmth behind him welcoming. He knows he's safe. The snow doesn't seem so bad, and Sapnap's right. This fear isn't something he can just rush through, just plow through and ignore. It comes with memories, and flashbacks, and pain. It comes with normal recovery things, and George realizes this all at once as

he releases his emotions.

The tears aren't sad. They're hopeful, and they're happy, and he's finally fucking home. George is right where he belongs, even if it's just for a temporary amount of time. He snuffles, hiccup catching in his throat. George doesn't have to be scared of being alone. He's safe. Nothing can hurt him, not when he's with Sapnap and Dream. He nuzzles closer to Dream, squeezing him slightly. Dream's chin rests on top of his head, and George knows that if he just tilted his head back, just leaned back the slightest bit and looked up, he could easily kiss Dream. For a moment, he thinks about actually doing it. He quickly remembers he's also got Sapnap behind him, and he's not quite in the mood to kiss Dream while Sapnap stands and awkwardly observes. He laughs at his own thoughts, Dream making a confused noise that George can feel echo through Dream's chest. He's in so fucking deep. He could be drowning in Dream, and it wouldn't be enough for him.

He's completely enamored. He's so in love. So, so in love. George wishes there was a way to just skip all of the awkward talking, all of the figuring out sexualities and trying to sort out emotions and the way things work. He wishes he could just kiss Dream, and that would be that. Of course, that's not the way things worked, but it sure would make his life a hell of a lot easier.

George's life had never been easy, though, had it?

## Chapter End Notes

i hope you guys are enjoying reading this as much as i am writing it !! as always thank you so so much for the hits and the kudos and all your lovely comments <3 sometimes its hard to answer them but i like to try n answer them all to the best of my ability !! it's a little overwhelming sometimes with the amount of support, but i am so so thankful to everyone reading :]

i tweet whenever i update on my twitter, @fruitpirates :) there's some behind the scenes stuff there as well - just screenshots from the doc or funny moments while writing :]

i also have editors! i really wouldn't be where i am without them- they have twitter as well!

spleen- @spleenHQ

elmer- @glueroo22

mars- @smhinnit

purge- @vainless1

i'll see you in the next one! <3



## Chapter 12

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap and Dream have a much needed talk.

### Chapter Notes

hiiiiiii! THANK YOU FOR 4K HITS AND ALMOST 300 KUDOS! this is such a crazy experience for me!! im so so glad people are enjoying reading this as much as i enjoy writing it <3 thank you, truly!

have to say: spleen is truly the BIGGEST help when it comes to writing chionophobia. truly one of the best, and i'm so glad i have them as an editor. love you so much spleen, you stink <3

enjoy this chapter! a new pov for you ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It'd take an idiot to not notice the tension between Dream and George.

Sapnap likes to think he's not an idiot when it comes to his best friends. He sits around and listens to them flirt with each other *relentlessly*, each thinking the other is kidding. Of course, Sapnap is the best wingman. He's the best damn wingman Dream and George have ever met. He's so determined to get these dumb fuckers to just admit their feelings to each other.

The three of them are still in the hall, wrapped in each other's arms, George having just calmed down from crying. Sapnap just hopes his advice wasn't too shitty. He hums slightly, pulling back. He shares a secret smile with Dream as he takes a few steps back, leaning against the wall. Sapnap pulls his phone from his pocket, looking down to check it, then turning to make his way down the hall. He figures Dream and George can have their gay little alone time to talk about feelings or something important of that nature. As he walks, he takes the time to check through his notifications, smiling softly as he taps one from Karl.

**Karl**

*hey sap!! i'm sure you're probably busy with the boys, just wanted to say i miss you and i hope you're having a good time :D*

Sapnap smiles dumbly as he heads up the steps to his room, shutting the door to the master bedroom behind him. He takes a moment to answer before flopping into the bed.

**Sapnap**

*miss you bunches, karl <3 what're you up to right now? i got some time to myself for a little while.*

Karl's response is immediate despite Sapnap's late one, and he can't help the smile that rises to his face.

**Karl**

*can i call you?*

**Sapnap**

*of course <3*

Sapnap smiles softly as his phone starts ringing and he answers, letting the phone rest on his chest. He puts it on speaker.

"Sap!" Karl's voice echoes through the room, and Sapnap melts at the sound. He can't help the smile that breaks his face.

"I missed hearing your voice," Sapnap rushes. "I missed you in general. It's barely even been two days."

Karl rustles around on the other side of the phone line. Sapnap assumes he's getting in bed. "I missed you too, nimrod. It was weird not talking to you everyday. I was getting lonely, you know. Not hearing my favorite boy anytime I want to isn't fun."

*His favorite boy* . The words echo through Sapnap's mind, bouncing off every single corner and empty space in his thoughts. "Favorite?"

"Favorite," Karl says. Sapnap can hear the smile in his voice. He shuts his eyes. "You've always been my favorite. You should know by now that it's always been you, Sapnap."

His heart stutters in his chest. He's silent for a few moments, probably too long. They've been talking like this for a few weeks by now, but it still hits Sapnap just the same every day. He'll never get over the way Karl makes him feel. For a moment, he wonders if this is how Dream feels about George. He rolls his eyes at the thought, then finally speaks. Sapnap's heart is still pounding against his chest as the words rush out, "Karl, I think I love you."

The call is silent for a long minute. A little too long, and Sapnap shifts uncomfortably. He wonders if maybe he just fucked up one of the greatest things he'd ever gotten.

"Sap?" Karl speaks quietly, almost as if he's checking that Sapnap is still there.

"Yeah?" Sapnap whispers.

"Y'know... I've really thought about it a lot, actually," Karl starts. "Like, a lot. So much that I started wondering if I was the nimrod here and not you. I think about us a lot. I mean, we talk every day, and it's not like we don't flirt, and you give me butterflies and all of that silly stuff, but I don't think we've ever really... Established what we... are? But, um, I just- I want you to know, Sap. I think I love you too, really."

Sapnap lets out a sigh of relief and pushes a hand through his hair. He can't help the giddy laugh that passes his lips. "Karl," He states, in a sudden wave of confidence, "how would you feel about being my boyfriend?"

"Well, the pleasure would be mine, Sapnap. I'd be completely honored to be your boyfriend." Karl answers in the same stupid accent Sapnap had used. He can't help but giggle like a schoolgirl. He's so going to rub this in Dream's face later.

"Oh, thank god. This is so cool. We're boyfriends."

"We're boyfriends! Pogchamp!"

“Now when you call me a nimrod it carries over. Shared nimrodness.”

Karl lets out an offended gasp. “What? That’s not even fair!”

“Yes it is,” Sapnap smiles to himself, knowing his exact defense.

“How come? Tell me. I bet you don’t even have a good reason. You’re such a-”

“Because you love me.” Sapnap giggles, basking in the silence. He knows he’s right, and he knows he’s won. Sapnap doesn’t lose.

Karl groans. “What the honk. Yeah, I guess you’re right. Man, that sucks. I do love you, huh?”

“You do.” Sapnap hums, then nearly jumps out of his skin at the sound of a knock on his door. He scrambles to grab the phone that managed to find its way to the floor. “Shit, Karl. I’ll talk to you later, okay? Smooches.” Sapnap makes his stupid kissy noises at the phone, hanging up once Karl gives him the okay. He sets his phone on the nightstand nonchalantly.

“Come innnnnn!”

Dream pushes his door open, then shuts it behind himself. He gives Sapnap a look. “Dude.”

“What? Is everything okay with George? Are *you* okay?” Sapnap sits up straighter in the bed.

“What? Yeah, we’re fine. I mean, technically I came here to talk about feelings. But I heard your weirdo kissy noises. Stop flirting so loud with Karl, you’re not the only one who lives here right now.” Dream shudders, climbing onto the bed with Sapnap. He sits beside him, a pillow between the two. “This whole... George... thing. It sucks, dude. Did you have a phase like this with Karl?”

Sapnap thinks for a minute, choosing to ignore Dream’s comment on the kissy noises. “Umm... We might have? I don’t think so. Just did a lot of flirting on stream as a bit, then started actually doing it offstream as not a bit. Then we talked about feelings and sexualities and things, because we’re adults and not silly little children who are bad at talking about life things that are scary, minus fears. We decided we were officially, like, talking, in a sense that we were only romantically

interested in each other. And now we're dating officially."

"Wait, officially? Like, he's your boyfriend?" Dream looks over at Sapnap, clearly confused.

"Yeah, actually." Sapnap smiles. "We were just talking. Like, it just now became official. I was going to brag to you about it, but then you actually wanted real advice. So, I figured I'd seem like a dick for just rubbing it in your face that I'm ten times cooler than you are. And not as much of a coward." Sapnap pauses, shaking his head. "You need to talk to George. Like, actually sit down and speak to him, one on one. Just you two. About feelings. All the feelings, and discuss. Sexuality, or anything in that lane. You have got to sort shit out, man."

Dream nods slowly. "Right. Man, why are you always so right all the time? I think I'll talk to him sometime this week. I think I just want to take tomorrow to chill and just hang out with you guys. Watch movies or something, maybe. Sleep all day."

Sapnap nods firmly. "This is a good idea. You don't have to rush anything, of course. I just see the looks you two share. He looks at you the same way you look at him. It's disgusting. It's like one sided eye sex. You're both so... ew. Stop it. I am literally just vibing, and you all walk up and get all touchy and weird. You're not even dating yet, and you're attached at the hip."

"Shut the hell up, Sapnap." Dream rolls his eyes playfully, bumping his shoulder against Sapnap's. "Besides. I think George is purely platonic with me. I don't want to force him to speak about something that's going to make him uncomfortable, that's just not... who I am." Dream brings his bottom lip between his teeth, thinking for a moment. "But I guess since we've been... interacting in a different way, it wouldn't hurt to talk about my feelings with him. My feelings *for* him."

Sapnap holds a party in his mind. Dream is a stubborn fuck, and he relishes in the momentary glory of being able to convince him to change his mind on the situation. He's always been the one to be able to get through to Dream, and he's proud of himself for being able to do it once again. It's the mini-victories for Sapnap.

"Good. That's good, Dream. I'm proud of you for being able to acknowledge that you need to talk to George about this. I'm not just going to sit around and let you just vent to me about your super secret super gay feelings for George. It's weird and also boring. Blah, blah, blah, George is so cute, blah blah, whatever. Just kiss or something, holy shit. It's driving me crazy."

"Sapnap," Dream says, in a serious tone that catches Sapnap too off guard. He wonders if the jokes were poorly timed or too mean.

“Yeah, Dream?”

“How did you know you actually... liked... guys?” Dream speaks slowly, looking as if he’s carefully thinking out every word that falls from his lips.

“Oh,” Sapnap makes a soft noise. “That, okay. I didn’t for a while, actually. I feel like that’s a talk better shared with George. I guess one day I just realized that maybe guys are a lot more swag than I expected. Also, kissing a dude? Life changing. Do not kiss me. Unwanted. Kiss a dude you really enjoy. Oh my God, dude, just kiss George or something. Then you’ll know you like guys.”

“You really suck at helping.”

“I *literally* just walked you through my relationship with Karl and how you should speak to George to come clean about being gay for him 24/7.”

“Fine, whatever.” Dream pauses, then smiles over at his best friend. “Thank you, though. Really. It means more than you think. Even if you were just kidding around with me for some of it, I take it to heart. You’re the best brother I’ve got, Sap.”

Sapnap smiles, proud of himself. He prides himself on being able to help his friends, being able to reassure them and keep them happy and grounded while also being able to keep himself just as content. It’s a skill not many have, a skill he knows Dream struggles to keep up with, and he supposes that’s part of the reason why he enjoys helping Dream. His best friend is just so self destructive, in a way, reading too much into certain words and too little into others. Sapnap wishes there was a way he could pull Dream from his own mind sometimes. It’s like Dream is stuck there, just always worrying about what certain people say.

Sapnap knows it’s only their close friend group. Still, even with the immense amounts of communication, he knows Dream can get lost in his own head. He knows Dream well enough to know that some jokes hit harder than others and some just fall short. But he loves his friends, and he loves making people happy, even if it means he’s a little bit on the unhappy side to get to that point.

Dream rests his head on Sapnap’s shoulder and Sapnap smiles, humming slightly. He and Dream sit in a comfortable silence for a good while, just thinking together about the same things, and lots of different things as well. They share a few words from time to time- random thoughts crossing through, or statements, or questions of what they’ll have for dinner.

Sapnap knows he's at home when he's with Dream, and he couldn't ask for anything more.

## Chapter End Notes

you guys are all so awesome, and thanks for reading the chapter if you've made it this far!

just have to say- leaving a kudos is completely free :)

lemme know how you felt about this one! my twitter, as always, is @fruitpirates

i'll see you in the next one!

# Chapter 13

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Summary

Dream and George steadily realize their feelings for each other.

## Chapter Notes

hiiii! this chapter is a little different because we tested something out and it's more of a dual pov! at the chapter break, the three asterisks (\*\*\*), it switches from george to dream :)

lemme know how you feel about this! not sure if i'll keep doing it but it was super interesting to try out. myself and the team had a LOT of fun writing this one. (all 5 of us were in the doc at one point- have to tell you, it gets funny a little later on)

dedicated to mars, spleen, elmer, and purge.

(thank you for being there with me while i write and editing, spleen. love you so much, thank you <3)

enjoy the chapter! -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It'd been three days since George had first tried to go outside, and he was starting to get discouraged. Three days of the same routine. Wake up, eat breakfast with Dream and Sapnap, try to go outside, and panic. Calm down from panicking, eat again, sit on the couch for a few hours or stream or sleep or think of something to do. Eat dinner. Go to bed. Then wake up and do the same shit over again.

Of course, George was happy, for the most part. He was with his best friends, finally, in the same house and being able to bond and get closer and hang out every day was wonderful. He was just starting to get a little tired of feeling so... vulnerable. So open, so exposed. He was happy to have Sapnap and Dream helping him, he couldn't thank them enough for it, but a part of him nagged that he was beginning to be too much.

Part of George felt like he was becoming a burden to his friends. The weight of his fear on his own



shoulders was crushing enough, but he was sure it was difficult for Dream and Sapnap trying to help him. He knew he wasn't, somewhere deep down. For now, though, George was tired of asking for help. Tired of needing help doing something he should be just fine doing on his own. He'd dwelled over just going outside by himself, alone, just to experience it for the first time. Those thoughts had pushed him right back into the state of hysteria he'd become so familiar with. He knew ways to calm himself down now, for the sleepless nights he'd spent awake in the dark, panicking in his room with the curtains open.

The snow was almost nonstop, now, and he was tired of it. George was so fucking tired of looking outside and seeing snow that reminded him of his failures, and his idiocy. Tired of seeing banks of snow too tall, winds that whipped around the snow almost viciously. The sound of the wind screaming against the roof and walls and windows at night was enough to remind him of the way he'd screamed in the past, hearing of how his own *stupidity* was the reason his friend was dead.

Tonight was no different. George sat in the darkness of his room, knees pulled to his chest and a blanket around his shoulders. He lets out a deep, shuddering breath, choking back the last of his tears. It'd been a particularly rough night compared to the other two, the wind picking up too much for George's comfort and the windows rattling a little too loudly.

He chokes back a sudden gasp at a louder gust of wind than the others, burying his face in his hands and pushing his fingers into his hair. A soft whimper passes his lips at the next, George finding himself wishing he wasn't alone. He pushes away the idea of waking up Dream or Sapnap. George would find himself too embarrassed at something like that, standing in the doorway of one of his friends' rooms like a child telling their mother they'd wet the bed.

George finds himself in quiet tears for the second time that night, and the third time that day. He finds himself crying more often than he'd like to. Most of the time, he's alone in his room and in the dark, or cold, or sitting on the floor beside his bed. The pillows here had seen more vulnerable sides of George than his own *mother* had. He snuffles, trying to keep his crying to a minimum, when his door is pushed open and someone quietly calls out, "George?"

George looks up, quickly wiping his eyes. "Dream?"

Dream shuts the door quietly, sitting on the end of the bed. "What's wrong? I heard the, uh, the wind, and then I just- I felt like I should check on you. Just to make sure you're alright and stuff. It was a good thing I did, huh? Do you want some company? We don't have to talk or anything. Just... company."

George stays silent for a moment, staring at Dream. "You... wanted to come check on me?"

“Well, yeah. I’m your friend. I just got a feeling, y’know?” Dream smiles softly.

George hums slightly, then nods, scooting over on the bed. “Sure. Company. That… sounds nice.”

“And we can cuddle, as homies?”

George can’t help but laugh, nodding. “Sure, Dream. I can’t guarantee I won’t fall asleep.”

Dream shrugs, sliding up the bed to sit beside George. He pushes his legs under the covers. “That’s okay. Are you alright with that? I’m not trying to overstep any boundaries. Just sharing a bed and maybe cuddling a little, yeah?”

“You make it sound awkward,” George says, stretching his legs out to push them under the covers, shifting over closer to Dream. “Don’t word it like that.”

“What the hell else do you want me to say? Hi George, let’s share the blanket and I’ll let you fall asleep in my arms. We’re super cool, and not gay at all.” Dream laughs, slipping an arm around George’s middle. George melts into the touch, fully getting under the blankets. He chuckles as he presses himself up against Dream.

“You made it worse, stupid. That wasn’t the goal.” George smiles, rolling over to face Dream.

Dream tugs George the slightest bit closer, shifting to lay on his back comfortably, and George takes the position of resting his head on Dream’s chest. It’s the same way he’d laid with Dream right after the trio’s stream together. He hums slightly, shutting his eyes.

“I feel like sometimes you know me more than I know myself.” George says, voice soft. Dream runs a hand through his hair.

“I just know you don’t like to ask for help, George.” Dream hums. “You don’t have to feel alone. You’re not a- a burden, or whatever else you might think. You mean a lot to me and Sapnap. You’re just a really private person and I get if you want your space sometimes, but you just- you don’t need to be scared to ask for help. We’re your best friends. I know I can’t speak on behalf of Sapnap, but I promise you I’m always here for you. Any hour of the day, or night. You mean a lot to me, George.”

George stays silent for a moment, half-asleep as he listens to Dream's soothing words and calm voice. Dream's still running his fingers through George's hair lazily, other hand resting gently on his back. "I know," George starts slowly. "I know you're always around. I think I'm just scared sometimes that you'll think of me in a different way. That you're getting annoyed with helping me because I'm so- so needy. I can't handle snow and I feel like... maybe I'm ruining the trip. You and Sapnap have never even seen snow before and I just keep getting in the way of you guys enjoying that. I wish I didn't have such stupid fears. I wish I was better at talking about myself and my feelings and the way I feel about- stuff."

George is aware he's rambling, and his words rush together in certain places, stumbling together. He feels Dream nod slightly. "I know, George. It's okay. Trust me on this, I promise you you're not ruining anything. We're still together for a few more weeks, right? That's plenty of time. Plenty." Dream's hand moves from George's hair, and George doesn't feel guilty about missing the touch. He makes a soft noise, though he's mostly asleep.

"Okay, Dream. I... trust you." George says, letting himself relax. He's tucked nicely into Dream's arms and they fit together like pieces to a puzzle. George is completely, unapologetically attracted to Dream.

"I'm glad, George." Dream chuckles softly, and George lets himself fall asleep in Dream's arms.

\*\*\*

Dream wakes up the next morning before George. George is completely tangled up with Dream, an arm thrown lazily around Dream's middle, his head resting right over Dream's heart. He hums, smiling, ruffling George's hair up.

"Geooooorge." Dream says softly.

George makes an annoyed noise in response. Dream laughs softly, and can hear Sapnap messing around with something downstairs. There's a muffled thud followed by a loud curse, and Dream snorts. "Georgie, wake up. I think Sapnap's downstairs setting the kitchen on fire."

"I'm asleep." George slurs in response.

"Well, stop being asleep. Wakey wakey." Dream rolls his eyes at the far too tired boy on his chest,

playfully flicking George's forehead gently. George grumbles.

"You're so mean to me. I don't want to be awake yet, Dream." George shifts, tightening his grip on Dream.

"I'm going to call for Sapnap and he'll bust in here and see you clinging to me like a koala and he's gonna think we did stuff."

"What kind of st- oh!" George rolls over, though there's still an obvious amount of hesitation before he does. He stretches, arms high over his head. Dream watches, sitting up in the bed.

Jesus. Dream knows if anyone else could hear his thoughts, he'd be in a great deal of trouble. George looks over at him and laughs. Genuinely laughs.

"Jeez, Dream, stare a little harder, why don't you?"

Dream blushes, getting out of the bed himself and crossing the room. He chuckles at the height difference between him and George, looking down at him. George looks up at him. Dream swallows roughly, looking away from George and heading to the door quickly. "Come on, we gotta go make sure Sapnap hasn't set the kitchen on fire, Georgie."

"Right." George says from behind him, following him to the door. Dream leads the way down the stairs.

With the way George occupies his mind, he either needs to get over himself quickly or confess. He's leaning more towards confessing at this rate, and he's starting to think he actually might. He's getting all too tired of just thinking about kissing George, and not actually being able to. Dream decides he'll give it a little more time, let things settle and give an opportunity for new moments together. He'll have to talk to Sapnap about it. He enters the kitchen with George, and takes his spot at the counter. Dream leans forward on his elbows.

"Good morning, Sapnap. There was lots of crashing and cursing from down here this morning. What'd you do?" Dream asks, resting his chin on his hands. George hunts down cereal and milk.

"I was going to make pancakes. Then I dropped the pan and got pissed off, so I made cereal instead. Cheers." Sapnap states, raising his bowl a little higher.

“Amen to that.” George says, grabbing two bowls and pushing one to Dream. He waits until George is done, then makes himself some cereal.

“Anyways,” Sapnap starts, “I knocked on your door this morning, Dream. And then it was super quiet in there, so I was like, oh Jesus, my bestie died in his sleep while we were on a trip together. So I peeked in there and you’ll never guess this part.”

Dream chokes on his froot loops.

Sapnap giggles. “You didn’t sleep in your own bed last night!”

“Yes I did,” Dream states after clearing his throat. “Just not for the whole night. Jerk. Don’t go snooping.”

Sapnap hums, smirking at Dream. “I didn’t snoop. I just investigated. What if you had gotten kidnapped?”

“We are snowed in.”

“And you’re famous! You’d be surprised what people do for fame and money.”

“Buy shitty shoes?” George speaks up.

“I literally hate you.” Dream whines.

“I fell asleep in your arms.” George snaps back. Sapnap is pleased with this answer, standing up straight and gripping his bowl like it’s a bag of popcorn and he’s watching two girls fight in a rom-com.

“That’s what I was looking for!” Sapnap cheers.

“George!” Dream looks over at the oldest of the three with an offended look.

George shugs like he didn’t just completely expose their bonding. “What? I did, didn’t I?”

Sapnap looks thrilled. “Please share more.”

“No,” Dream says, before George can drop any more bombs. “No. I don’t consent. You don’t have my consent to say what I said.”

George laughs, smiling over at Dream. He looks happy, and although Dream is only annoyed in the slightest, he’s still relieved George looks like he’s actually enjoying himself. “Okay, Dream. I won’t say anything else. On one term,” he earns an annoyed groan from Dream, “Stay again tonight.”

Sapnap looks like he just hit a piñata and it exploded with money.

Dream would consider it a blessing if the floor opened up under him and sucked him into the depths. “Oh my god,” he blushes, “George. Stop it. Yes. Fine, I- yeah.”

Before George has a chance to even brag about being able to get Dream as flustered he was, Dream leans across the counter slightly, a proud smirk playing at his lips. He chuckles as he watches George swallow roughly. “Sure, George. I’ll sleep with you again.”

“*Dream!*” George shouts, face nearly blood red. Dream laughs, wheezing so hard he feels his head spin. He slaps the counter, giggling as he nearly doubles over. Sapnap is nearly dying of laughter from the other side of the kitchen, sitting on the floor against the wall. George is not impressed.

“Oh- oh my god, Dream, you really just said that!” Sapnap laughs, looking over at Dream.

Dream struggles to catch his breath between fits of giggles, putting his head down on the counter. “I did! I did!”

“That wasn’t even funny, Dream. You suck. Literally you suck so bad.” George sounds so incredibly annoyed that it just makes Dream laugh harder, and he struggles to catch his breath.

“Shut up,” Dream wheezes, “Shut up, George. I can’t breathe.”

George takes the opportunity Dream presents. “Yeah, Dream? I take your breath away?”

Sapnap cheers. “Just keep flirting, maybe that’ll resolve your- your unresolved tension!”

Dream is past the point of trying to keep his breathing steady. He just lets himself laugh as hard as he is, ignoring George’s protests and the way Sapnap is egging them on.

It’s a good five or so minutes before Dream actually calms himself down, taking deep and steady breaths, sitting back up straight. Sapnap has his head in his hands, still giggling softly. George looks bored.

Dream smiles over at George, who rolls his eyes back at him. Dream wonders for a moment if even through all their stupid “jokes,” there’s a chance George even likes him back in the same way. George *had* let him into his room and his bed last night. Trusted him enough to actually talk about his feelings.

George had let Dream into his bed, and Dream had welcomed George into his heart.

## Chapter End Notes

how'd we feel about this one? thoughts on the pov change? lmk! i love hearing all of your thoughts on each chapter- reading & replying to comments is something i find a lot of fun in, thank you all :) just know there's some of you that myself & the team fully recognize, and we send comments to each other to talk about the kind words :] i appreciate the support on chionophobia so much- something that started as a joke with my friends has really grown into something amazing, and i can't thank you guys enough :')

enough of the rambling- thank you so much for reading and lmk your thoughts! love you all so much.

see you in the next one!

# Chapter 14

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Summary

George joins Dream in his room.

## Chapter Notes

400 KUDOS! WHAT THE HELL, YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY! thank you so much for the support! love you all so so so much, truly can't thank you enough for the support.

this chapter is INSANE. i loved writing this so much. i wont ramble too much, lemme know how you feel about this one!

ENJOY! -v

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream keeps his promise and leaves his bedroom door unlocked that night. He's sitting on his phone, scrolling through some random thread on Twitter, when there's a quiet knock at his door he can only assume is George. The day had been fairly rough- they'd managed to stay outside for a little while, and George was doing a lot better than he had been. Nearly a full week of trying every day, and they were really starting to get somewhere good. It'd just been rough, and Dream knew George was pushing himself too much. He didn't want to interfere too hard- he knew George could take care of himself and it wasn't in Dream's hands to tell George what to do.

He smiles as George pushes open the door, standing awkwardly at the doorway after he shuts the door. "Hi," George says. "The offer still stands, right?"

Dream scoots over, patting his bed. "Yeah, Georgie. I'm not someone to go back on my word."

George gives him a shy smile as he situates himself beside Dream. They're both sitting up, for now, the light of Dream's phone illuminating their shared corner. "Is this just what we do now?"



Sleep in the same bed?"

"Sure," Dream shrugs. "Nothing wrong with that, is there? If it helps you then I don't mind. Besides, sometimes it's nice to not be alone. I like being not alone with you."

George hums. "I don't know why it feels like we're sneaking around behind Sapnap's back."

"Well, he's always welcome to join us-"

"No," George interrupts. Dream looks over, and George himself looks surprised he even said it. "I- I mean, I don't have anything against Sapnap. He's my best friend too, I just- it's different, when it's you. I don't know. Sorry." George looks moderately embarrassed.

Dream smiles. "Then Sapnap doesn't need to know. It *is* different when it's with you, so I guess I can see where you're coming from."

George stays silent for a few long moments, and Dream turns his phone off, setting it on his nightstand face down. He leans back against the headboard, finding himself thinking about George although he's sitting right next to him. Dream can't help but wonder what they are, what they're even doing here. Just sleeping in the same bed every night for the fun of it? He figures, maybe, he's just helping George calm his anxieties. Maybe Dream's presence keeps George's moments of panic away for just a few hours longer, or maybe George feels the same way as Dream does.

Dream shakes his head at the thought, and catches George's attention.

"What?"

"Huh?" Dream replies, caught off guard by George's voice.

"You shook your head. What are you thinking about so hard, over there? You look so focused. What's in your head?" George reaches over to tap Dream's forehead in the dark, and Dream can see the smile playing at the corner of George's lips by the soft moonlight peeking through the curtains. Full moons are too bright, Dream decides.

“I’d say nothing, but you’d see right through that, wouldn’t you?” George nods. “Right. I guess I just read into things too much sometimes. Just, overthink little stuff a lot. Like, there’s no reason for me to be so lost in my head.”

“I get that,” George says. “I do that too much. That’s why we are where we are right now, Dream. Are you.. Is it me? Am I making you overthink?”

Dream takes a deep breath. There’s really no good way for him to answer here. “I... I’m not very good at talking about things like this, George. There’s so much on my mind that I can’t say.”

“Say it.”

“What?”

“Say what’s on your mind, Dream.” George turns to look at him, meeting his eyes. Dream can’t seem to drag himself from the eye contact.

“You,” Dream breathes. The distance between him and George feels too small. His heart pounds so heavily against his chest, he wonders if George can hear it.

“Me?” George whispers back. The eye contact is killing Dream slowly, setting him on fire from the inside. Dream could move an *inch* and have his lips on George’s. His face is on fire.

“You, George, it’s always you. It has been for the past week, and I don’t know why. I can’t get you off my mind.” Dream’s voice is soft, and he can’t help but notice the way George’s gaze drops for a moment to his lips. His breath catches in his throat.

George reaches a hand up, letting it rest on the back of Dream’s neck. His hand is cold, and yet it burns. “Is this okay?” George asks. Dream never wants to move. He nods.

Dream’s head is spinning. He’s completely wrapped up in George, his mind repeating the name like a desperate chant. George’s hand slips to rest on Dream’s jaw, and he swallows roughly. George inches the slightest bit closer to Dream, and every one of Dream’s plans to continue breathing leave his mind. He’s sitting in a bed, in a rented place in Colorado, encased in so much snow they can’t go anywhere, and all he can think about is kissing George. All he can think about is George, George, George, George, George, *George*, *George*.

“Dream,” George whispers, and the tension only builds.

“George?” Dream answers in the same quiet tone, eyes dropping to George’s lips.

“Can I?”

“Please.”

George leans up, impossibly close to Dream, and Dream can feel George’s breath on his lip. He goes to break the distance, to finally get what he’s been longing for, and there’s a knock at his door. George pulls back immediately, his hand leaving Dream’s skin. The air in his room is cold, too cold. He turns his attention to the door, clearing his throat.

“Come in, Sapnap.”

“Hi,” Sapnap says awkwardly as he opens the door. “So sorry for whatever I was interrupting. Um, I just wanted to- well, actually Karl asked- well, actually, you two look super busy.”

“What is it, dude? You’re good. Go ahead.” Dream offers him a half-smile. His heart is still thudding too loudly in his chest, and George is looking everywhere but at him.

“Well, I was looking for George, really. Karl wanted to- well, no, we both did, but- we had this idea and we wanted to ask George about it.” Sapnap shifts uncomfortably on his feet. “I knocked on his door first.”

George nods quickly, slipping out of Dream’s bed. He stands. “Yeah, that’s cool, Sap. Don’t worry.” He smiles kindly. “I’ll come hang with you guys for a little. Is Karl streaming?”

The two carry on with the conversation as they leave Dream’s room, George shutting the door behind him with a spare glance and soft smile to Dream. Dream lets out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding, shaking his head slightly. His cheeks are burning, and he brings his cold hands up to them for a moment.

“Jesus,” He whispers to himself. “I’m a mess.” Dream properly lays down, but kicks off half of the

covers to feel the cold air of his room. He relishes in it for a moment, taking a few moments to catch his breath and clear his mind. He finds himself laughing softly, delving into fits of giggles to himself. Of course Sapnap had walked in when he was so close to getting the moment he'd been fantasizing for a week. Sapnap was the best wingman he'd ever known, or needed for that matter, and had unintentionally taken a moment he'd been wishing for as well.

He rolls into his side, pulling his warm covers back over him, smiling softly at the sound of loud laughter and shushing through the wall. Dream shakes off the feeling of being caught during something like that, and for a moment wishes he had kissed George anyways. He shuts his eyes, falling asleep in the comfort of knowing George knew exactly how he felt, even if he hadn't said as many words as he'd expected.

His phone buzzes beside him as he's half asleep, and he huffs, only slightly annoyed. He fumbles to grab his phone, squinting at the bright light, then struggling to turn his brightness down. Dream finds himself smiling stupidly at the text, a message from George. Dream figures he'd been able to take a minute from Sapnap and Karl's crazy ideas.

**George**

*Rain check?*

Dream laughs to himself, answering George.

**Dream**

*Rain check.*

## Chapter End Notes

hehehe how'd you guys feel about that chapter? i know it was kinda short but i think it's definitely one of the best. i originally didn't have sapnap interrupt, but i have big plans for how this'll go so i promise it was for a good reason :))

love you guys so much! thank you for the unending support, i can't thank you enough for the love this has gotten. as always, my twitter is @fruitpirates and my main editor is @spleenHQ :) i couldnt do this without them!

see you in the next one!

# Chapter 15

Chapter by [NotWarriors](#)

## Chapter Summary

Dream and George have a much needed talk.

## Chapter Notes

6K. YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY! the amount of support i've gotten on this is entirely crazy- thank you so much! im not at home, so this is coming out a little later than i normally post but at this point a schedule is an idea of the past!

getting into this chapter: there's brief disturbing imagery but it's pretty light and i think only in one paragraph :) slightly mentions of anxiety as well!

ENJOY. this one's crazy! -vesper

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

For the second time this trip, George finds himself realizing that waking up with Dream is ten times better than on his own. He wakes up cold and curled into himself, gripping a pillow. He releases it, rolling over to stretch out. He'd gone to bed pretty late, finding himself not being able to sleep as easily as he did when he was with Dream.

The stream with Karl and Sapnap had been pretty fun for the most part, even if it was scuffed from Sapnap and George's end. They shared Sapnap's mic and setup for the most part, which was really just his semi-decent laptop. They had mostly just talked, trying to keep their laughing as quiet as possible so Dream could sleep.

Dream. The name hadn't left George's mind since the night before, the events burned into his thoughts. He'd been so close to kissing Dream, so close to finally getting a hold on something he'd been reaching for. He was fine for the most part with Sapnap's interruption- George wasn't sure he'd be able to ever let himself leave Dream's grasp if it wasn't for the youngest of the trio. The feeling of being so close to Dream, so close that the thought of kissing Dream didn't seem too far off.

George's thoughts were running completely wild. Of course, he knew their late-night meetings were kept mostly a secret. Sapnap definitely knew they were happening, but he didn't quite know the details of them. He'd asked George about them after the stream ended as they were saying goodnight to each other, but George just shrugged with a soft smile. That was between him and Dream- even if Sapnap's pouting had made him feel just a little bad.

George stretched, then rolled himself out of bed. He shook out the sleep from his muscles, heading to the mostly empty dresser that he'd actually taken the time to put his clothes in. He just didn't want to have to deal with rooting through his overcrowded suitcase every morning, and the dresser made it easier for him. He grabbed one of his hoodies, settling for one he figured was blue. After pulling on the hoodie, he decided he might as well just leave on his current sweats. It's not like he was going anywhere, and Sapnap and Dream wouldn't care if he wasn't properly dressed.

Humming, he made his way to the door and pulled it open, traveling down the hall and down the stairs. He walked into the surprisingly empty kitchen, making himself a bowl of cereal before it finally settled in that Sapnap and Dream weren't downstairs. But George had passed Dream's room on the way, and his door was wide open, room empty.

George stands there, bowl in his hand, spoon halfway to his mouth for a long few moments. He decides he'll figure it out after he eats something, leaning against the counter to quickly eat the cereal. He was starting to get tired of cereal. George lets his mind wander for a few minutes as he eats, setting the empty bowl in the sink after he finishes. As he stands quietly in the kitchen, he hears a muffled cheer from outside.

Oh. That's where they were, George realizes. Outside, in the snow. George takes a moment before crossing the kitchen and living room, making his way down the hall to the front door. He tugs on his shoes, sighing as he looks at the door. He feels *small*, and the door looks so big in front of him. He rests a hand on the cold doorknob, then tugs it open.

He squints against the harsh light of the sun reflecting off the snow, putting an arm up to shield his eyes. "Jesus, it's so bright."

"George!" Dream shouts, trudging through the snow with a stupid smile on his face. There's two discarded shovels on the porch, and the snow in front of the steps isn't as high as it was before. George is just glad it isn't actually snowing as he steps a little farther onto the porch. "You're outside!"

George smiles slightly as Dream joins him on the porch. "I'm trying not to think too much about that fact, Dream." George shivers at the slight breeze, crossing his arms. He feels far from calm, of course, but he doesn't actually feel too bad being outside. It feels alright. He feels alright. This is big for him, really. He's not completely losing his mind. Though the sight of Sapnap out in the

snow is *really* making him nervous. He fidgets with his hoodie slightly.

Dream smiles, wrapping an arm around George's shoulder and tugging him a little closer. "Jeez, George. You look cold."

"There is literal snow outside, Dream." George replies in a deadpan, but relishes the moment. Somehow, Dream is still warm despite the cold air. George leans against him, just for the warmth. Just for the warmth, he convinces himself. Not for the way Dream's hand drops from around his shoulder to resting on his waist like that's where it belongs. George ignores the look Sapnap gives them.

"That's a very true fact, George." Dream replies with a stupid grin. "Do you wanna try and go out into the snow a little? I'll stay right by you the whole time."

George hesitates. He bites his lip as he looks out at the snow, fingers fussing with the hem of his hoodie. He feels alright for now, so why not? Why not just go out into the snow and get over himself? He should be just fine- he knows he's not alone.

He wonders for a moment why it's suddenly gotten easier. Why his fear doesn't seem so incapacitating anymore. Why he feels perfectly fine stepping foot onto the porch, the rise of anxiety staying lower than it usually does. George realizes, suddenly, that it's not just because he's not alone. It's because it's *Dream* by his side, and Dream is the one calming him down and telling him that he's fine, that he's completely safe. He swallows, nodding.

"Yeah, Dream. I'll give it a shot." George answers, and finds himself carefully walking down the steps of the porch. He hesitates on the last step, looking at the snow in front of him. It's not very deep, and he made sure to put on the shoes he'd been wearing when coming outside. Dream looks over at him, double checking that George is still okay with the idea of being outside. George nods silently, and even Sapnap is quiet from where he's stood in the snow.

George takes the step into the snow and hears Dream take a deep breath beside him. He lets out a soft laugh, fully taking another step. "It's colder than I remember."

Dream laughs, pulling George a little closer to him. "Of course it's cold, George. There's literal snow outside." George rolls his eyes at the way Dream quotes his previous words, but can't help the stupid grin he finds it's way to his face. He reaches over just the slightest to a snowbank, grabbing a handful of cold snow, the chill burning his fingertips. George laughs, reaching up to press the snow against Dream's neck.

“George!” Dream nearly squeals, pulling his arm away for just a second to brush the snow off quickly. He rubs the back of his neck slightly before snaking the arm back around George’s waist. “Cold as hell, you little shit.”

George can’t stop laughing. For once, he had managed to look at a snowbank and not picture himself laying half dead in it, or imagine his friend's frozen body propped against it. It was just *snow*, and it certainly couldn’t hurt him. “I got you!” George says between giggles, “I got you good as hell!”

“That’s what I like to see, Georgie!” Sarnap shouts from a few feet away, grinning. “Throw a snowball at his face next time!”

Dream looks down at him. “Don’t do that.”

“I’m going to do that,” George answers.

“No,” Dream counters, “you won’t. I’ll pick you up.”

“You’ll *what*?”

“Don’t tempt him, George, he’ll actually do it! He’s not a liar, trust me!” Sarnap trudges through the snow in an attempt to reach George. “Come to me, he’s gonna do it if you’re not quick enough-”

Dream tugs him closer. “Oh, no.” George states. “He’s going to, isn’t he?”

“I warned you!” Sarnap cries. “Good luck, Gogy!”

“Can I at least get a warning first?” George tilts his head back to look up at Dream. George is pulled closer, back pressed against Dream’s chest. His breath hitches in his throat. Dream gives him a cocky grin.

“This is your warning, George.” Dream says, and George barely has time to prepare himself before Dream scoops him up. George huffs, tucking an arm around Dream’s neck.



“This is not fun,” George states. “I am not a fan of this.”

“Look, George. This is like the only time we’re ever going to be eye level. Cherish it.” Dream answers. He’s right- George is right at eye level with Dream and he finds himself, for the second time, making direct eye contact with Dream.

“Hi,” Sapnap calls. “I’m still here, guys. Please don’t kiss.”

George rolls his eyes, breaking the eye contact, and looks over at Sapnap. He realizes he’s not as intimidating when he’s in Dream’s arms like some kind of bride. “We weren’t going to kiss, Sapnap.”

“Oh yeah, and you weren’t going to kiss last night when I walked into Dream’s room, huh?” Sapnap shoots back.

George looks over at Dream, who is blushing a dark red. George, upon impulse, rests a cold hand on Dream’s cheek.

“G- George, you are not doing a very good job of proving anything you just said. What are you-”

“Your face is so warm. Feel how cold my hands are.” George smirks slightly at Dream, his hand in the same place it had rested the night before. Dream tries to look everywhere but at George.

Sapnap gags. “You guys are gross, gross as hell. ‘No, Sapnap, we weren’t going to kiss at all last night!’ Jesus Christ, you two are- you’re basically reproducing in front of me! Just kiss already, holy shit. I’m going to go inside to make a quick call, and you two are gonna talk, yeah?” Sapnap makes sure George is making eye contact with him before adding, “And I’m just inside the house. Literally shout and I’ll hear you, okay?”

It’s George’s turn to blush as he nods, watching Sapnap dip into the house. Dream carefully sets George back down on his feet, though now George is standing in front of Dream and Dream has a hand on George’s waist.

“You did that on purpose, didn’t you?” Dream chuckles, tugging George the slightest bit closer.

“You think you’re so *slick* .”

“Maybe I did, Dream.” George looks up, a cocky smile of his own inching to his lips. It’s Dream’s turn to rest a hand on the back of George’s neck. “Just to get you all flustered? That’s something I can do now, isn’t it?”

George lets Dream pull him closer, George pressed against him. “Just because it’s something you can do doesn’t mean you should do it, George.” Dream whispers back. “Just like I could kiss you right now, until your lips go numb, but that doesn’t mean I will.”

George can’t fucking breathe. Dream always manages this, always manages to take away George’s breath in the best way possible. His heart is racing, and he’s vaguely aware of the snowflakes hitting his face. All he can think about is Dream. He doesn’t have the time to remember he’s scared. How can he, with Dream in front of him?

“What if I said you could? What if I said it was the only thing I’ve wanted the whole time we’ve been here, Dream? What if I said you haven’t left *my* mind either?” George answers, cold fingers setting on fire as they reach to meet Dream’s waist.

Dream takes a sharp breath. George wonders if he went too far. “George,” Dream speaks in a quiet voice, like only George is meant to hear him, like they’re the only two people on the planet at this moment. “You know the answer to that.”

“What?” George breathes.

Dream pulls back slightly, looking up at the sky, at the snowflakes that gently hit his face. He looked back down at George. George’s heart stutters. “We really do need to talk about this first, George.” Dream bites his lip slightly, the hand resting on the back of George’s neck dropping to his waist.

George smiles softly, nodding. “You’re completely right.” He pulls back, taking Dream’s hand in his own, tugging him to the door. For the first time, he’s the one confidently leading Dream through the snowflakes, stepping through small piles of snow. He opens the door, letting go of Dream’s hand as he shuts it behind them.

“Your room?” Dream asks, walking up the steps beside George as he nods in confirmation. Sapnap’s voice echoes down the hall from his room and the pair ignore it as they step into

George's room, shutting the door behind them quietly. George sits at the head of his bed, legs crossed, and Dream mimics his position at the end of the bed.

"So," Dream says. "There's a lot to talk about."

"That's, um, that's a good point." George answers, soft smile ghosting at his lips. "We do have a lot to discuss. What do we... hit first?"

"Um," Dream starts, pausing a moment before continuing, "my sexuality, I think. I just- I do want to say I... like guys, which I guess is obvious now. Sorry, I'm nervous. You make me all nervous. Fuck. Okay. I just don't like labeling myself as anything, really. I just know I like you right now, a lot, and it's kind of startling in a way."

George nods. "I've been there. I know I've already told you and Sapnap in the past, but I'm saying it again now that I'm gay, I guess." George giggles awkwardly. "Man, you're right. This makes me nervous too."

Dream chuckles, looking down at the sheets as he smiles. "I think it's time to talk about what we are or what we want to be, yeah? I just, I want to say, George, I care about you. A whole lot, and I'm okay with whatever you want to do. Just know that no matter what we ultimately decide to do, I'm always going to be here. That's what a best friend is here for, is it not?"

George's heart melts. Dream is so caring, so willing to just do whatever George wants at a pin drop. George shakes his head. "No, Dream. I don't want 'whatever I want.' I want whatever *we* want. I don't want to- to make all the big choices regarding whatever relationship we decide to have." George pauses before continuing, "I want whatever's best for what we can work out. Obviously I live in *London*, so it's a little more... different than something regular, I suppose. But I do want a relationship with you, Dream."

"Wait, really?" Dream sits up straighter at the end of the bed.

George can't help but laugh, rolling his eyes. "Of course, Dream. Why else would I be so willing to sleep in the same bed as you? Are you that blind?"

"Of course I am," Dream answers, a stupid smile glued to his face. "So, what does that mean for us then?"

“I don’t know,” George shrugs, a smile tugging at his mouth. “What do you think it means?”

Dream nearly starts bouncing. “It means boyfriends, maybe?”

“Not maybe,” George grins, “Definitely.”

## Chapter End Notes

we're finally getting into the relationship!! woooooo party party but no kiss yet haha!

thank you for heaps and heaps of support <3 i truly appreciate every kind comment or feedback or anything really, thank you! kudos are always appreciated! as always, my twitter is @fruitpirates and i love you guys!

see you in the next one!

# Chapter 16

## Chapter Summary

Dream has a strange moment.

## Chapter Notes

hiiiiiii!!! welcome back- took a break yesterday because i wasn't at home :] if you're concerned about updates or anything regarding me updating later in the day/not at all- i usually post updates on my twitter about that! i'll tweet if im not going to be able to upload or if it'll be late, and i tweet right after updating! you can also subscribe for when i post a chapter as well.

on a serious note- remember that myself and the other editors are human! updates may be late or we may skip a day. we have feelings! think before you comment <3 we love you guys! just know i read every comment, even if i don't reply to all of them. there's so many of you that it's getting harder to answer every single comment! everything is appreciated.

enough of that! i'm sure you noticed that there's a co-creator and that's my main editor, spleen! they are the only reason chionophobia has been able to be posted. lots of love to them!

sorry for rambling so much- enjoy the chapter! -vesper

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Boyfriends.

The word is on repeat in Dream's mind, and he feels completely and utterly giddy. He smiles like an idiot at George, who looks mildly entertained.

"You're so... excited," George says.

"Yes." Dream answers simply, scooting towards George on the bed until their knees are touching.

“I am, very. How are you not, like, losing your mind?”

“I am. I’m just losing my mind inside my head and not outside my head.” George smiles, then stretches his arms slightly. “Do you wanna go get something to eat? Being anxious makes me hungry.”

Dream nods, smiling softly as he stands. “Oh, yeah! I was meaning to tell you. I’m so proud of you, George. Do you realize the amount of progress you made today? That’s insane.”

George nods, smiling sheepishly. “It was all you, really. You distracted me a lot from it. Thank you.”

Dream waves his hand dismissively as George stands. “No, George. I was just a distraction. It was completely and entirely you. You made big progress in a fear you’ve had for almost ten years, and that’s a big deal. It’s *amazing*. You’re amazing, and you don’t even realize it. Sapnap and I are just a support system, really. This is all you, George. You’re amazing.”

George takes a step forward and hugs Dream tightly. “I hate when you talk to me like that.”

“Like what?” Dream questions, a soft smile at his lips. He hugs George back, arms around his waist comfortably. Holding George in his arms just feels natural.

“So sweet,” George answers, voice soft. “You’re just so... kind.”

Dream just hugs George tighter, rubbing his back slightly. “You deserve it, George.” He then pulls away a few moments later, stretching his arms. “As much as I’d like to hang out and just hold you all day, I’m also very hungry and would like some food.”

George laughs, tugging Dream out of the room. The pair heads downstairs together, raiding the kitchen for something to make. They settle for tossing a frozen pizza in the oven, and George seats himself on the counter.

“Dream, look.” George says, smiling playfully. “It’s like what you said. ‘The only time we’re ever going to be eye-level.’ Except it wasn’t the only time.”

Dream chuckles, crossing the kitchen to stand in front of George, arms crossed. He raises an eyebrow. “That’s true, George. We *are* eye level again.” Dream takes a few small steps forward. George swings his legs slightly, scooting himself back.

“Back up, you dork. I see what you’re planning here, and I know Sapnap will walk in right when you try it.” George laughs, tilting his head to the side slightly.

Dream smirks. “And if I do it anyways?”

“Then I’m not helping you when Sapnap walks in. I’m just going to sit here and look pretty.”

“You always look pretty,” Dream says, proud of the blush that spreads across George’s face almost immediately. “I knew that’d get you. You’re so easy to fluster, Georgie.”

“Shut up, Dream.” George says, voice soft. Dream chuckles, shaking his head, and finds himself leaning against the counter between George’s legs, arms on both sides of George. “Look,” Dream whispers. “We’re eye-level, Georgie.” George plants his forehead against Dream’s shoulder, blushing furiously. Dream laughs, resting a hand on George’s waist.

“Too far?” Dream asks.

“No, I’m just...” George trails off, voice slightly muffled by Dream’s hoodie. “Awkward. Just really awkward.” George’s arms find their way around Dream’s waist, tugging him closer in a warm hug. Dream relaxes, holding George’s smaller frame, fingers trailing in slow circles on his back.

They stay there like that for a few long seconds, relishing in warm silence. Dream chuckles softly, breaking the silence. “I’ll slow down with things like that, okay? I don’t want to make you uncomfortable or anything-”

“No,” George rushes, “No, I’m okay with it. I’m not uncomfortable. It’s good. I- yeah. It’s, just, I don’t know, I mean I don’t mind it.”

“Oh,” Dream says, “oh! Okay, I get it.” Dream takes a moment to laugh softly, patting George’s back slightly as he pulls away. George is blushing a dark red. “You like it!”

“Dream!” George whines. “Stop it.”

“Hey, dudes,” Sapnap says, walking into the kitchen. He looks up from his phone, making a face. “Ew. Why do you guys always do this stuff? Literally what the fuck, I’m going to bleach my eyes. You’re so... gross.” Dream can see the exact moment where it actually clicks in Sapnap’s mind, and Sapnap nearly drops his phone. “Wait a minute. This is a very homosexual situation you’re in right now. Did you two actually communicate instead of ignoring your feelings and walking around saying it’s purely platonic and you’re just homies?”

George snorts. “See, Dream, I told you he’d walk in.”

“I’m not even doing anything suggestive!” Dream gives George an offended look, frowning.

“You are *literally* between his legs. You have your hands on his- his hips!” Sapnap sounds completely exasperated, pointing at Dream. “It looks completely suggestive! What the hell do you mean, not doing anything suggestive?”

Dream half-shrugs and gives him a small nod. “Well, yeah, I guess you have a point there. I’ll give you that one, really.” He pulls away and steps back, leaning against the counter opposite George with a half-smirk.

George turns to look at Sapnap. “Yeah, we talked.”

“And?”

Dream wiggles his shoulders and ignores the way George covers his face with his hands. He gives Sapnap a stupid grin. “Sapnap! You are not the only not-single one in the group now!”

Sapnap literally cheers. He cheers, like some high school girl watching some jock on the football team. “Finally! Finally, I don’t have to deal with you thirsting over each other anymore! Sitting around, acting like the feeling isn’t- isn’t reciprocated!” Sapnap throws a fist into the air. “A win for Sapnap! Victory! A fucking victory, oh my God!”

Dream laughs. “Sapnap! You’re so dramatic, holy shit. I said we’d figure it out at some point-”



“No you did not! You just-” Sapnap makes a frustrated noise. “I pointed out so many signs! All of them- all of the signs! I said, hey, Dream, bro, bestie, homie for life, you are super gay for George and he is super gay for you in return. And you said, you said- hmmm, no, no, Sapnap, you are so wrong, Sappitus Nappitus, I just haven’t heard anything further from the truth, Mr. Nap.” Sapnap places his hands on the counter, leaning forward slightly. “You, Dream, you are exhausting.”

“He’s so stubborn, isn’t he?” George agrees.

“George! You’re not supposed to agree with him!” Dream whines.

George shrugs. “You yourself said you were stubborn. Not my problem, really.”

“I’m going to break up with you.”

“No you won’t.”

“Really now, cause-”

“Oh, my God, I’m still here. You’re annoying. Is the pizza done?” Sapnap points at the oven.

George nods, hopping off the counter. “Uh, should be. Might be a tiny bit burnt, but that’s not my fault. It’s Dream’s, if anything.” He crouches down to peek into the oven, then nods as he stands. “Yeah, it’s good.”

Dream grabs an oven mitt and opens the oven, tugging the pizza out and setting it on the stove. He nods. “Yeah, that’s good shit right there.”

“Good shit, amen!” Sapnap says, and the three settle down for lunch.

\*\*\*

It’s 2AM, and Dream finds himself quietly stepping outside into the cold air. The temperature has certainly dropped. Dream rubs his arms, shaking off a shiver that climbs his spine. He certainly

doesn't know what he's doing. He'd originally gotten up to use the restroom, reluctant to leave George alone in his bed. After he'd used the bathroom, he found himself passing his room and carefully stepping down the stairs and grabbing a jacket from the hall closet, slipping his shoes on as well.

He was standing outside, in the cold, falling snowflakes getting stuck on his eyelashes and hair, and he had no clue what he was doing. He looks out at the snowy steps, and the snow covered driveway, and grabs one of the shovels propped up against the railing of the porch. He blinks for a moment, a surge of motivation pushing him to shovel both the steps and driveway at two in the morning. It's two in the morning.

He starts shoveling. Dream shovels until he has to push his hoodie sleeves up and he's sweating, the snowflakes melting on his fingertips being the only reminder of the cold. He stands straight, shovel in front of him, catching his breath. He drops it, looking at the half-shoveled driveway in front of him.

*Jesus, Dream thinks, what the hell was that?*

He figures, maybe, it was just pent up energy. Overflowing excitement. Too many days of doing the bare minimum. He decides that's it. Dream looks out at the untouched snow, thinking for a moment. None of his ideas are good ones, and yet he follows them anyways. He trudges out into the deep snow, bending slightly to grab a handful of it. He squeezes it until his hand burns from the chill, pulling it back and wiping it on his hoodie. Dream looks down at the snow, then glances at the closed front door and unlit windows. The porch light is on, thankfully, seeing as he'd been working by that and that alone.

Dream sits. Right in the snow. He feels crazy for a moment but pushes the feeling away, tilting his head back to look up at the stars. The sky is so much clearer here, and he takes a long few moments to just stare up. Dream smiles softly, ignoring the chill that's slowly returning as he relaxes after his 2AM fueled shoveling. He shivers at the feeling of a soft breeze, then jumps as he hears the front door open. He turns.

"Dream?" George is stood on the porch, arms wrapped around his middle. He's wearing pajama pants and a pair of slippers, along with one of Dream's hoodies. "What are you doing? It's freezing out here, and it's 2AM, and you've- you've got your sleeves pushed up. You're going to freeze."

Dream stands quickly, trudging back through the snow. He shakes both of his feet at the bottom of the stairs, kicking snow off his shoes, then walks up the steps. "I... Don't really know either, George. I just, I don't know. It just felt right, for some reason. I promise I'm really not even that cold, have you seen the stars?"

“I find you out here in the middle of the night, sitting in the snow, and you want to talk to me about the stars?” George looks slightly hurt, and Dream quickly regrets coming outside in the first place. “Dream. You just- just left. I didn’t know where you were. Do you know how startling it is to just wake up alone after falling asleep with someone after barely two hours? And seeing you out there in the snow? I thought you-” George stops himself abruptly, shaking his head slightly.

“I’m sorry, George.” Dream says, voice soft. He pulls his sleeves back down properly, resting a cold hand on George’s cheek. He tilts George’s head up slightly to make proper eye contact, and hates the way George looks like he’s about to cry. “Let’s go back inside, okay? I don’t want to overwhelm you with being out here fussing over me. You’re not dressed for this weather in the slightest.”

“And you are?” George whispers in response.

“I’m not.” Dream answers, frowning slightly. “But you’re not as much of an idiot as I am. Let’s go get you back to bed, right?”

George rests a hand on Dream’s before he can pull it away. “You’re staying, right?”

Dream smiles softly, leaning down to kiss George’s forehead. “I wouldn’t dream of anything else.”

## Chapter End Notes

howd we feel about this chapter? let me know! thank you so much for reading !!  
you're all wonderful- don't forget :] appreciate you guys so so much, and thank you for  
7k hits as well!!

little sidenote- there is an OFFICIALLY posted re-upload of chionophobia on  
wattpad! this is completely allowed, so if you see anything about it just know that it's  
completely allowed! i let spleen repost it on wattpad just to grow the audience a little  
:)

my twitter: @fruitpirates  
editor spleen's twitter: @spleenHQ

see you in the next one!

# Chapter 17

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap isn't happy.

## Chapter Notes

hi!!! thank you guys so much for overwhelming support! we're almost at 8k hits now, and that number is just COMPLETEEELY insane to me! thanks so much for sticking around with me through the whole process of this story- it's been a lot of fun! i find a lot of passion in writing, and my biggest motivator right now is knowing i've got so many of you reading this every day <3

thank you spleen for the big help & mars for yelling at me for writing this <3

good luck with this one and enjoy! >:D -vesper

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap decides George and Dream actually dating is ten times worse than the relentless flirting. He's standing at the counter eating his omelette in peace when George and Sapnap come downstairs, Dream's arm around George's waist and George giggling like a schoolgirl. He nearly gags.

"Goodmorning. You two are disgusting." Sapnap says, shoving another forkful of his omelette into his mouth. "Literally what the hell. You've been official for... what, two days? Three? I don't even know the concept of time when you two are all up on each other. I'm surprised you even managed to stream last night."

Dream rolls his eyes, scoffing softly as he tugs away from George. George takes himself to the fridge. "We have not, Sapnap! And besides, the stream last night was easy. We weren't even the ones streaming."

"Had the camera on, though, it was like... Stream FaceTime." George says, pulling orange juice from the fridge. "Weird talk show type deal."

“It was fun though,” Sapnap finishes his omelette, setting the plate and fork in the sink. “I had fun.”

“‘Cause it was Karl’s stream.” Dream gives him a stupid grin, and Sapnap can’t help being annoyed. Dream and George get to be all over each other, and the best Sapnap can get is sleeping on call with Karl. It’s annoying. He knows Dream is only joking, that he shouldn’t take it so hard, but he finds himself scoffing anyways. Ignoring the sting of the joke, he rolls his eyes.

“Sure, Dream. Just because it was Karl’s stream means I enjoyed it. Not that I was having fun in general, or anything, just because it was my boyfriend’s stream. Because that’s how things work now, huh?” Sapnap shoves his way past George, blinking back angry tears as he makes his way upstairs. He slams the door behind him, wincing slightly, and taking a moment to think about his outburst.

For a moment, he feels guilty- actually, genuinely guilty, and regrets lashing out at Dream like that. Yet, on the other hand, he knows he was partially right. He’d really only been having fun on the stream because George was actually interacting with him and Dream as *friends*, and not as Sapnap and his boyfriend. It’d felt like things were normal, even if for just a few hours.

Normal. Sapnap feels bad for thinking things aren’t normal as he sits on his bed, looking down at his phone. Technically, things are normal. This is the new normal now. Dream and George are comfortable enough to show their feelings for each other. Of course, Sapnap is proud of them, completely and entirely, it’s just that maybe he feels a little more left out. Third wheel jokes were funnier when he didn’t *actually* feel like a third wheel.

He sighs, falling back against his sheets, letting his phone rest on his chest. Maybe he should call Karl. Karl would be able to calm him down, get him in the right headspace to actually speak to George or Dream or both of them. He’d provide Sapnap with logic or reasoning in the situation. Make him feel like his point was valid, that he was right to snap like that.

With a sigh, Sapnap picks up his phone and reluctantly calls Karl. It rings once, twice, three times... and goes to voicemail. Sapnap lets out an annoyed groan, rolling onto his side to put his phone on his nightstand grumpily before rolling over completely to face plant into his pillow. He *still* feels like crying. He misses when times were easier, when he didn’t have to worry about Dream and George actually wanting to hang out with him without feeling like they needed to. Without him feeling like he was just annoying them.

Annoying. That was all he’d really felt like he was the past few days. Half of his jokes didn’t land, and they’d be met with an awkward silence, and Sapnap would feel like an idiot for trying. He was surprised their energy had even managed to be the same when they were on stream last night- he figured it was because George was sat in front of the camera beside him, and Dream had no choice

but to hang out behind the camera.

George's thing with snow had gotten a lot better, at least. Sapnap had been pretty worried about him, with the way he lost his shit everytime he stepped outside. They'd still been keeping up their streak of going outside everyday, but for the most part it was only Dream and George now. Sapnap didn't really like the cold annoyance of snow anyways. It didn't matter that he didn't feel nearly as wanted. Didn't matter that he felt like his best friends were drifting away.

Sure, Sapnap had plenty of friends. He had lots of friends, and he was a pretty social person, but he'd be damned if one his biggest fears wasn't losing friends he already had. The thought of not being friends with Dream and George was a crushing fear he'd been struggling more with every day since they'd met up and gotten closer together. He wasn't necessarily mad they'd confessed to each other and started dating- he was really truly happy for them. He was just scared they'd forget their third member. He'd be the one left behind when the sidewalk thinned. Of course couples got closer, but he didn't expect them to get so close they forgot him.

They didn't *entirely* forget about him, of course. He wouldn't let them do that, and they certainly couldn't while he was still there with them in person. Sapnap would willingly go sit in the snow in shorts before he let George and Dream forget him.

He's jolted abruptly from his thoughts as he hears a soft knock at the door, and he reluctantly rolls over to sit up properly. Sapnap takes a deep breath in preparation of whatever argument is about to happen in his room, and calls, "Come in!"

"Hi," Dream says quietly, shutting the door behind him. "Do you... want to talk?"

Sapnap feels like he's about to cry. "No, but you're not going to leave me alone until I say we can, are you?" He refuses to make proper eye contact with Dream, staring down at his sheets. Dream sits down at the shitty desk chair.

"Correct. Not leaving until I know what's going on, Sap. I know you're not normally like this and I want to know if it's my fault. You're my best friend, you know that."

"Am I, though?" Sapnap shakes his head, blinking back tears. "It doesn't even feel like it anymore. I feel- I feel like you're forgetting about me completely. It's not the same anymore, Dream, why don't you see that? Why am I the only one who notices things are different?" He nearly laughs at Dream's confused expression when he glances up, instead feeling a tear slip down his cheek instead. "Why don't you realize?"

“Sapnap, I just.. I didn’t notice, I’m sorry-”

“You never do!” Sapnap sniffles, bringing the heels of his hands to his eyes. He tries to wipe away the tears rushing down his face, giving up when he realizes there’s no stopping them. “I’m glad you and George have been happy the past few days. I am, really, but it just feels like- like you’ve forgotten that I even exist. My jokes fall flat, and you two spend so much more time together. I just hang out with Karl all the fucking time instead of with *you*! Because I just- I just feel unwanted.”

Sapnap watches Dream struggle to find words, opening and closing his mouth a few times as if he’s some kind of dead fish struggling for a breath. “Sap, I... I’m so sorry. That was never the intention, really, I promise. I- I guess I got so caught up in George that I didn’t realize we weren’t... including you as much. I-I don’t know what to say, Sap.”

“I know,” Sapnap pulls his knees up to his chest, choking on his tears. “I know you don’t. It’s fine, you don’t- you don’t need to know how to answer. I just needed to tell you. Can you... can you leave? I just want to be alone.”

As Dream gives him a hesitant nod and exits his room, Sapnap lets himself break down. He just wishes everything was normal again.

## Chapter End Notes

I AM SO SORRY, IT HAD TO HAPPEN. you know this couldn't all be sunshine and rainbows !! nonetheless, i hope you enjoyed it :D

lmk how you felt about this one!

my twitter: @fruitpirates

spleen's twitter: @spleenHQ

i'll see you guys in the next one! <3

# Chapter 18

## Chapter Summary

There's always light at the end of the tunnel.

## Chapter Notes

hi! quick talk on boundaries on more time before we get into this chapter- not mad at anyone i promise! just want to talk about what i'm comfortable with. one: suggestions are always welcome! love suggestions! they're great and i love seeing your ideas. but i do not enjoy being told what to write !! i'm fine with wording like, "it'd be interesting to see a scene where.." but things that are like,,, "you should write this!" or, "when's the scene where.." those aren't,, very appreciated!

i love hearing from you guys but i don't like those types of comments D: also, something no one really does anymore thankfully, you don't need to call me author! i heavily prefer vesper !! thank you so much for being here & understanding boundaries :D

enough of that- please enjoy the chapter! thank you spleen and mars for reading over and editing <3 -vesper

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream knows he's fucked up. He knows he's completely fucked things up with Sapnap, and he hates himself entirely for it. He paces his room, George sitting cross legged on his bed.

"Dream, it's okay, just give him a little bit of space and some time to calm down. You need to relax-" George tries, leaning forward slightly to try and catch Dream's sleeve. Dream steps back, raising a finger as if to say, "pause."

"No, no. I hate seeing him like this, George. He's my best friend, and I've completely fucked it up. I didn't even realize. I'm such a shitty fucking friend for that, George. You don't understand-"

"I do, Dream!" George interrupts, raising his voice. "I get that you've been friends with him longer than I have, but he's still my friend too!" He lowers his tone, leaning back against the headboard. "I don't like seeing him like this any more than you do. It hurts me too."



Dream takes a moment to stop pacing, leaning against the door. He slides down it, sinking until he sits on the floor. He pulls his knees up, running his fingers through his hair, and sets his forehead against his knees. "See? I've done it again. Only thinking about myself. Of course it hurts you too, I'm just so fucking *selfish*-"

"Stop," George says, and Dream shys away from him as he sits down beside Dream on the floor. "Don't. You're doing that thing you do where you get stuck inside your own head. Stop blaming yourself, Dream, it's just as equally my fault as it is yours. This is a two-person relationship. Not a one-person taking the blame relationship. That's not something I can just let you do, and you should know that. I care about you, Dream, a lot, and this hurts *you* just as much as it hurts Sapnap. I know it's not fair to him to say that, but I know what you're like. I know how you get in your own head, and I know how much you put yourself down. It's *okay*, Dream. It's okay. You're okay. I've got you."

Dream lets himself slide into George's arms at his silent request, silently breaking down as George holds him gently. He hates the feeling, but hates even more that he's sure Sapnap is doing the same in his room, alone. He chokes on silent sobs, clinging to George like a lifeline, wishing he'd done better. Wishing he'd been a better friend. Wishing he'd been there when Sapnap needed him the most, and wishing he'd *realized* instead of being caught up in his own heart.

"I'm sorry," Dream struggles to say, "I'm sorry I caused such a mess. I'm so sorry."

George hushes him softly, running his fingers through Dream's hair in the way he knows calms him down. "Dream," he whispers, "honey, I'm not the one you should be apologizing to. I'm here for you, okay? But you've got to understand that I'm not Sapnap, I can't accept your apologies. I... care about you, a lot. You've been here for me while I deal with my fears and insecurities, and it's my turn to be here for you, too."

Dream nods slightly, sniffing as he wipes away his tears. George is completely right- he does need to talk to Sapnap rather than sitting around and crying into George's arms. "You're right," he says after a long silence. "I'm gonna try and talk to him in a little. Can we just- just relax for a little, first? I'm not ready yet."

"Of course," George says, and helps him to his feet. "C'mon, you big softie. Let's go."

Dream settles down in the bed with George, finding himself tucked up against George for the first time rather than the other way around. It's nice nonetheless, he's just happy to be held, and George seems content. George is lazily running his fingers through Dream's hair, Dream letting his eyes shut as he relaxes. George hums slightly, some slow melody Dream can't quite place, but it's putting Dream right to sleep. He doesn't want to fall asleep, he knows he needs to go apologize to

Sapnap, needs to go make things right. But George is so *warm*, and the sound of his heart beating is so relaxing,

Reluctantly, Dream finds himself falling asleep. He can already feel wild, anger and grief induced dreams at the brink of his mind. He lets himself slip into a restless sleep.

\*\*

“You look like shit.” Sapnap says a few hours later, letting Dream into his room. Dream is well aware, thinking about the way he’d jolted awake in George’s arms. George had fussed over him for a good ten minutes, making him sit on the sink in the bathroom while he wiped away Dream’s tears and whispered quiet words to him.

“So do you,” Dream answers. “Listen, Sapnap, I just wanted to apologize. Fully.”

“You don’t think you’ve done enough already?” Sapnap sits on his bed, crossing one leg over the other.

“Don’t be like that. You always get on me for being stubborn, when you’re just the same.” Dream sits down in the uncomfortable chair at the desk, crossing his arms. “I’m sorry, Sapnap, really. I was only thinking about myself and George and I should’ve focused more on you and your feelings. Things are all fucked right now between us, I see that now, and I’m sorry for that. Really. I should’ve been looking out for you. You’re like my brother, Sap, and treating you the way I did isn’t fair to you. It’s not fair to anyone. I guess I got so- so enamored in the idea of being with George that I forgot who helped me get there in the first place. You’re my best friend, man, and I’m sorry that everything turned out the way it did.”

Sapnap stays quiet for a while, and Dream wonders if he’d said something wrong while he was stumbling over his words, trying to find the right things to say that wouldn’t screw things up further. He was good at doing that.

“Okay,” Sapnap says. “I understand. I shouldn’t have been so aggressive either, it’s partially my fault. I could’ve talked to you about it much earlier, and things could’ve been resolved easier. So I’d like to apologize as well. And I forgive you.”

“You forgive me?” Dream is somewhat surprised. He splutters for a moment, before managing to answer, “I forgive you too.”

“Don’t act so surprised,” Sapnap fidgets slightly on the bed. “Of course I forgive you. Who do you think I am, George? No offense, but he holds such a grudge.”

Dream can’t help but laugh. “Yeah, you’re right. He stays so mad for so long. Like what is the reason? Such a little shit.”

Sapnap snorts, nodding. He smiles softly over at Dream, and Dream feels like things are somewhat normal again. “Dream, speaking of George. Do you think you can convince him to do something? I had this idea, but it involves the snow, and I really don’t want to freak him out or anything. But we’ve got that big hill in the backyard, and if you’re picking up what I’m putting down…”

“Sledding?” Dream asks, sitting up properly in the chair. “We don’t even have sleds or anything, I don’t think. At least, I certainly didn’t bring any and I know George didn’t either.”

“Well,” Sapnap says, with a mischievous smile, “Before I knew about George being scared of the snow I made a trip to the store. Did you know sleds are actually quite expensive? Spent like \$200 before you guys had even gotten here.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Not even!” Sapnap giggles, standing. “Go get George, I wanna show you. And wear a jacket, it’s fucking cold.” Sapnap heads out of the room before Dream, and Dream takes a moment in the hall to process what’d just happened. He hadn’t really expected Sapnap to forgive him so easily.

He opens the door to his room, and George looks over at him from where he’s sat on Dream’s bed. George gives him a warm smile. “How’d it go, babe?”

Dream tries not to blush at the pet name as he leans against the doorway. “Went perfectly. C’mon, grab a hoodie or a coat or something. Come with me. Sap wants to show us something. You good to go out in the snow?”

George stands, nodding quickly. He grabs a hoodie, one of Dream’s, tugging it on as he follows Dream down the stairs. “Where are we going?”

“I’ll be honest, George, I’ve got no clue.” Dream slips his hand into George’s as they head down the main hall, where Sapnap is standing by the door.

“Hi,” Sapnap says. “Ready for this?”

Dream exchanges a knowing look with George, before they both nod. Never a dull moment with Sapnap.

## Chapter End Notes

WOOOOO the next one is definitely gonna be interesting! also- hate to say it, but chionophobia is coming to an end! if you'd like to see any sort of qna with me & the editors, lmk! always love seeing your comments.

my twitter: @fruitpirates

spleen's twitter: @spleenHQ

mars' twitter: @smhinnit

see you in the next one!

# Chapter 19

## Chapter Summary

George experiences sledding.

## Chapter Notes

hiiii! just want to preface this by saying: this is the last chapter. chionophobia HAS come to an end. it was so lovely writing this and im so glad that so many people have seen this. thank you so much for sticking around on the ride, and i hope you enjoy this final chapter :]

enjoy, vesper <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George isn't very excited to step outside, but he never is, so there's not much of a difference. He lets go of Dream's hand for a moment to put on a scarf, then pull up his hood. Dream does the same beside him, and Sapnap is already raring to go, bouncing on the heels of his feet.

"You guys are so slow," Sapnap whines, "hurry up. I wanna go outside. Out of the doors. Into the snow. Show you something. Come *on!*"

George struggled to tug on a pair of boots Sapnap shoves over to him, Dream doing the same beside him. "I'm mad we bought these," George says as he nearly tips over. "They're so fucking hard to put on."

"Get good!" Sapnap says, then yanks open the door. "Let's go, come on, chop chop, you're so fucking slow. Get it together!"

George follows Sapnap outside, dragging Dream along behind him. Dream catches up and makes sure to take George's hand securely, George offering him a soft smile. They trudge through the snow, small flakes drifting down to place themselves on eyelashes and hoodie creases. George and Dream follow Sapnap to the shed.

“I didn’t even know this was here,” Dream says, looking at the small building. “When did you even come here?”

Sapnap beams, beginning to push away the snow so he can open the doors. “I had a lot of free time before you and George got here, you know. Lots of time to myself means lots of time to be sneaky and plan things you two don’t know about. Dream, can you help me?”

Dream looks at George to check if he’s fine to stand on his own for a few minutes, and George nods, taking a few steps back to give them their space to try and open the shed doors. “Yknow,” Sapnap says after finally getting the doors open, “when I did this, I didn’t expect it to snow so fucking much. Holy shit. There’s like, two feet of snow. Outrageous. Anyways, if you’ll bring your attention to the shed...”

Dream steps back to slip an arm around George’s waist, smiling softly. “Sleds. Isn’t that epic, Georgie?”

George doesn’t quite know what to say. He stands there, head tilted slightly to one side, and he nods just slightly. “Okay. It’s... something,” He mumbles. “They’re sleds.”

“Be excited!” Sapnap whines, “Why aren’t you excited?”

“I don’t know,” George says plainly. “I’ve never been sledding. The idea just... Doesn’t interest me.”

“No?” Dream asks beside him, nudging him gently. “Not hyped or anything?”

“No.” George answers as Sapnap tugs the sleds from the shed.

“We’ll change your mind!” Sapnap decides, “You’ll be so into sledding that you’re gonna wake Dream up at 3AM and make him come sled.”

Dream holds up a hand. “Hold on, no, that’s- no. I will not be waking up at 3AM to come outside and be in the snow. As much as I appreciate you, George, I won’t be doing that.”

“You won’t have to, Dream,” George grumbles, “I don’t like the snow either.”

Sapnap pauses for a moment to consider this fact. “You don’t like snow. I forgot. We can go back inside-”

“No.” George answers firmly. “I’m going sledding. I don’t care. Where are we headed?”

Sapnap gives him an excited grin and leads them to the backyard and to a hill, where he begins his explanation of sledding.

\*\*\*

By sunset, George decides that maybe sledding is pretty fun. He doesn’t like the idea of walking back up the hill, but he figures no one does. Tucking himself between Dream’s legs or in his lap on the sled like a child feels safe in a way, pressed against Dream’s chest. Stupid laughter from him and Sapnap helps George get over the snow more than anything so far, and he’s proud of himself for the way he’s managed to keep himself together.

They decide together, as the sun sets and snowflakes begin falling again, that they’re going to head inside. As Sapnap heads off on his own, Dream catches George’s wrist.

“George,” Dream says quietly, pulling him closer. Dream rests a hand on George’s waist, smiling softly as the setting sun brings the day to a close. The moon is already starting to rise, the sky darkening quickly. “Did you have a good time?”

“Of course,” George answers in the same soft tone, laughing softly as snowflakes land on his and Dream’s eyelashes. “Always a good time when it’s with you.”

Dream’s eyes dip down to George’s lips, and George feels his heart skip a beat. Sapnap has already headed off to head inside. There’s not a single interruption as he stands outside in Dream’s grasp, pressed against his warm body, and George stands up a little straighter, pushing up onto his tiptoes.

“Can I cash in that rain check, George?” Dream whispers, leaning down slightly. He rests his

forehead against George's.

George lets his eyes flutter shut. "Please," he answers, "please cash it in."

As Dream presses his lips against George's, resting a hand on his cheek, George decides he could die just like this if it meant he never had to stop kissing Dream. They fit together like two pieces to the same puzzle, two halves to a whole. George never wants to move from where they stand, finding himself following Dream's lips as the taller boy breaks away for a moment to catch his breath. Dream chuckles softly.

"You're never going to stop kissing me after that, are you?" Dream asks, pulling away to start heading back to the house. George laughs as the house comes back into view.

"I'm not," he says, "I don't care how many times Sapnap walks in. God, I swear you're- you're intoxicating or something."

"Intoxicating?" Dream asks, sounding amused. He walks up the steps with George, pulling off his own scarf as they enter. "You sound like an alcoholic."

George snorts, kicking off the annoying boots and pulling off his own scarf and jacket. He drops them by the door; he'll deal with them later. "Yeah, intoxicating. Like, I can't get enough of you."

"Can you stop flirting? I just put a pizza in the oven and I'm making hot cocoa. Come on, it's like ten times warmer in the kitchen with the oven on!" Sapnap calls from the kitchen, and Dream and George delve into giggles.

Dream catches George in another soft kiss, tugging him down the hall after breaking away. "We're coming, Sapnap! Shut up!"

George figures that even if he still has chionophobia, he's fine with it if this is how he gets to spend the rest of the trip.



THE END.

i'm kind of in shock at how much this has grown. thank you all so much for being here throughout the journey, and a special thanks to door, happywastaken, fridge, sparksowo and many others for being our favorite repeat commenters/keeping up with the fic so much. all of you mean so much!

i WILL say we do have a few other ideas in the making and are planning on getting another team member on board. the next ideas are truly some good ones but it'll definitely be a little while before we finally get those out. i can't wait to start writing again- i love you all so much!

once again, the full team:

myself, vesper, @fruitpirates on twitter

spleen, my main editor, @spleenHQ on twitter

mars, an editor who was around during some of my late-night writings, @smhinnit on twitter

elmer, who served as part time editor and part time chaos causer, @glueroo22 on twitter

and purge, my main inspiration and a reason to keep going every chapter, @vainless1 on twitter. love you so much <3

thank you all so much for sticking around- if you'd like to leave any questions down in the comments of this chapter i can do a little qna! im not sure how many people will leave questions but if thats something you wanna do please go ahead <3

thank you so much. i'll see you in the next fic!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!